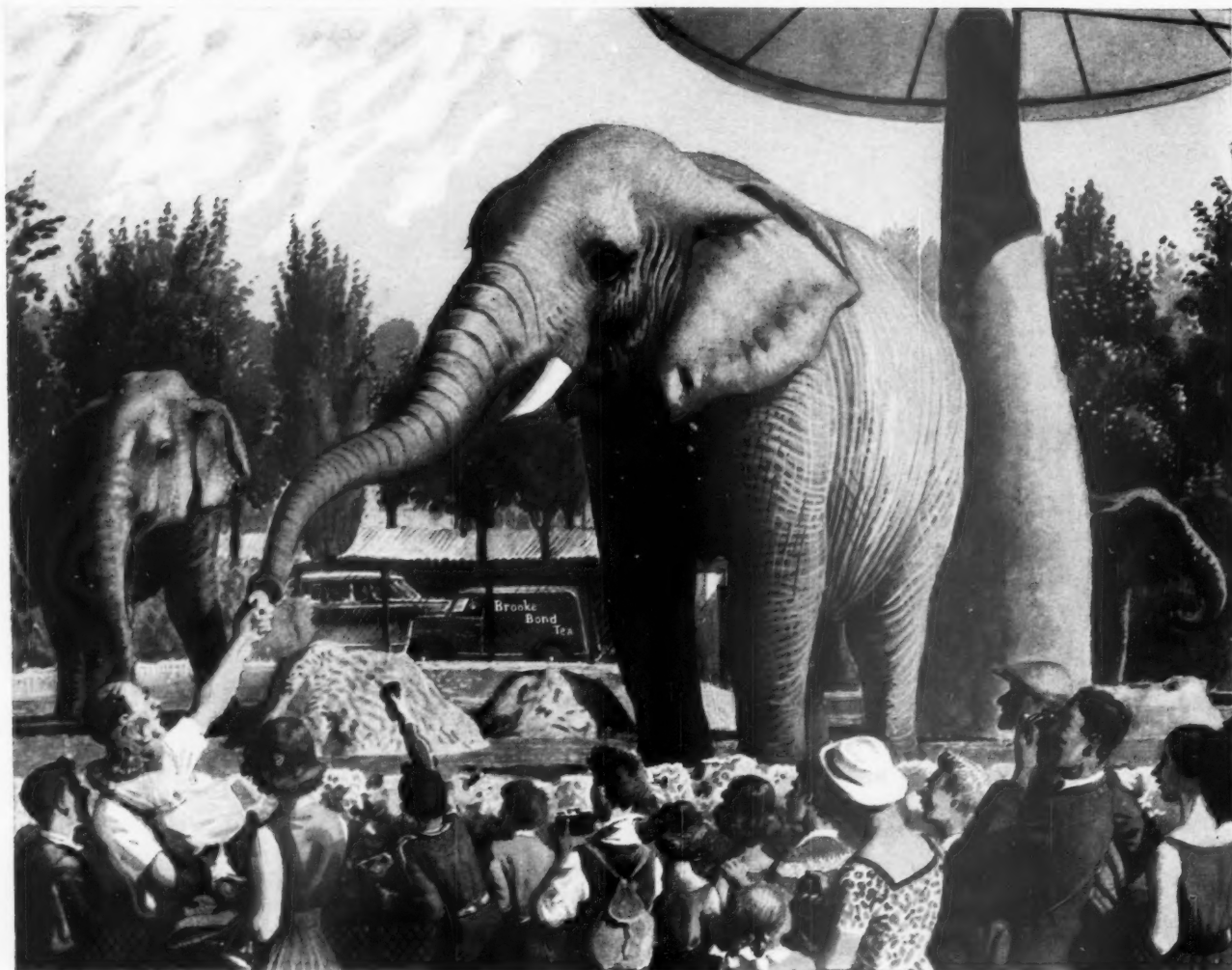


# Punch

9<sup>d</sup>



## Round and about with the 'Little Red Vans'



LONDON'S ZOO: Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe, R.A.

### Part of the London scene

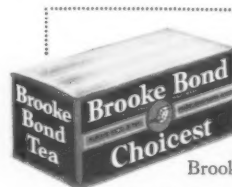
Magnificent elephants—proud-stepping camels—playful monkeys—beautiful birds—denizens of the wild—how much they delight and interest visitors to London's famous zoo.

Henry the First could never have dreamt that his menagerie at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, and later transferred to the Tower of London, would be the beginning of such a centre of attraction. But the full credit for this must go to the Royal Zoological Society who in 1829 took over the animals then in the Tower. The London Zoo now covers at least 20 acres of Regent's Park.

From the lion's roar to the roar of London's traffic is a short step, and among that traffic may be seen something that turns visitors' minds from the wild life of the Zoo to the gentler life of their homes—the little red Brooke Bond vans delivering as they do all over Britain—good tea and FRESH.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and *fresh*. Over 150 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day throughout the world.



**BROOKE BOND  
'CHOICEST'**

A blend of finest Assam and Ceylon teas as used in the Brooke Bond boardroom.

The picture cards enclosed in packets of Brooke Bond 'Choicest', Edglets and P.G. Tips have great interest and educational value.

 **Brooke Bond** GOOD TEA—AND FRESH!



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\*For overseas rates see page 144

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## The London Charivari

IF ever a virtue were out of fashion it is reticence; let us then give four cheers for the landlord and landlady of the "Pleasure Boat," Hickling, who resolutely declined to tell a swoop of ravening reporters which bed Prince Philip slept in, what he ate for dinner, or any other gossipy titbits, when flood hazards made him their unexpected guest after a coot shoot. If this refreshing example were widely imitated the newspapers would be left to invent their own tarradiddles about royalty (which some do now, but it's a bit risky, because Palace officials do sometimes issue denials), or go without them. We might then be spared the embroidered inanities which lead ill-mannered critics to launch attacks on the Court instead of on the parrots who scream out these confidences and the editors who relay them at heightened volume.

### Maisonettes

CAMBERWELL Council housing committee has decided to drop the word "estate" and give its new blocks of flats



French names, such as Florian, Fontenelle, Racine, and Voltaire. Residents wilfully putting up "Mon Repos" and "Chez Nous" will be evicted.

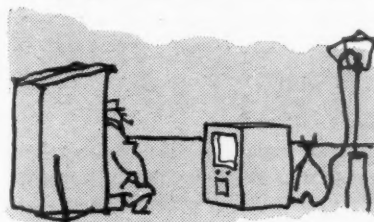
### The Man Next Door

"IT was a terrific din," she said, "like the wailing of lost souls and the rumbling of tumbrils. Anyway, it woke me up. The old man who lives next

door to me—he's eighty-nine—is pretty senile, so naturally I wondered whether he was all right. The time was six-forty-five, and it was black dark and freezing cold. I thought he might be signalling for help with his radio, after a stroke or something. I threw my coat on and went round. He was sitting up in bed with an old jersey on and he was listening to the Test commentary from Sydney."

### First Things First

SOUTHAMPTON lighting engineers have been working overtime under a barrage of complaints that the street lamps go



off as soon as TV sets are switched on. This is nothing to what they'll get if it ever goes the other way.

### Sound on, Vision on, Wind up

ALMOST in the same breath as their urgent appeals for adequate TV time for electioneering, both Conservatives and Socialists are expressing doubts on whether it is going to do either of them any good. In both parties stars are already being groomed, and who knows what considerations are being weighed in the script departments and make-up rooms at campaign headquarters. The fluency of Mr. Cyril Osborne (Lincolnshire, Parts of Lindsey, Louth div.) could be valuable, but think of the anti-glitter powder needed





"... and that, er—government, so to speak, as it were of the people, if I might say so, by the people, by and large, er— in my humble view, and you may add for the people, shall not, other things being equal, er—perish, perhaps—and this is off the record—from the er—, er—, the er—"

on that expanse of political scalp! Put on your best-dressed Labour M.P. (any suggestions?) and how do you know he won't be floored by the first question from the studio audience? Party chiefs may well get cold feet. The TV camera's most damning property is to expose insincerity. When the parties have been allocated their time, the great problem may be to find enough honest men on both sides to fill it.

### Asking For It

A *Times* leader on Gibraltar says how refreshing it is "to be able to report on a British Mediterranean Colony that has no crisis on its hands." Courageous, too.

### Wider Still and Wider

FOR a long time the Registrar-General has managed to keep London top pop. only by stretching its boundaries to penumbral uncertainty—to the fringe dormitories of Esher, Cheshunt, Woodford, Orpington and so on. And now the Japs have hit back by announcing that Tokyo, with 8,858,835, is the largest city in the world, more than half a million bigger than London. In a way I am pleased with this, for I have always felt vaguely uneasy, especially in the company of Americans, when boasting of London's statistical pre-eminence. But the Registrar-General may feel differently,

and even now he may be stretching his borders to Guildford, Dorking and Brighton. Or will this setback mean a new drive to fill the cradle?

### Holier-Than-Thou Test

THE *Daily Herald* says that television is selling religion "like soap flakes." Viewers aren't taking this seriously until they get those films of dreary testimonials telling whose brand washes whitest.

### Free that Participle

GRAMMAR-fanciers had a nice talking-point in the Marquess of Hertford's quoted "Saying of the Week" in the *Observer*: "What on earth is wrong with young men wearing jeans?" If this had been put with strict grammatical accuracy to express what I like to think Lord Hertford meant, i.e. "with young men's . . ." no one would be able to take it (as more or less disingenuous Blimps undoubtedly will) as a baffled snarl from the disapproving older generation. Fowler's "fused participle" is seldom so influential.

### Nothing to P.A.Y.E?

LONDON POLICE are said to have arranged for messages to be put in wage-packets saying "You have worked hard for your money, don't let thieves take it away."



"Have you tried London Transport? He may have been shunted into a siding."

Inland Revenue men are to protest to the Home Secretary.

### Hancock Lived Here

WHATEVER people may say against Commercial Television, it does try to live up to the responsibilities it feels it has inherited. It has already given really aristocratic patronage to the Arts and now it is putting up plaques on houses just like a local authority. T.W.W., the company that looks after South Wales and the west of England, has marked the birthplace of Ivor Novello, not with a mere name and date but with a couplet by Mr. Christopher Hassall. It is the custom in show business for everybody to try to go one better than everybody else and it seems likely that we are in for a good deal of plaquing, and not only posthumous either. Will the birthplaces of comedians in frequent work be plagued by all their employers? How about a plaque to Maurice Winnick (by courtesy of Maurice Winnick)?

### Unaccustomed to Their Faces

PERMUTATIONS of leading players in *My Fair Lady* have led to a report that a board has been seen outside Drury Lane saying "All-star cast Fridays."

### Plug

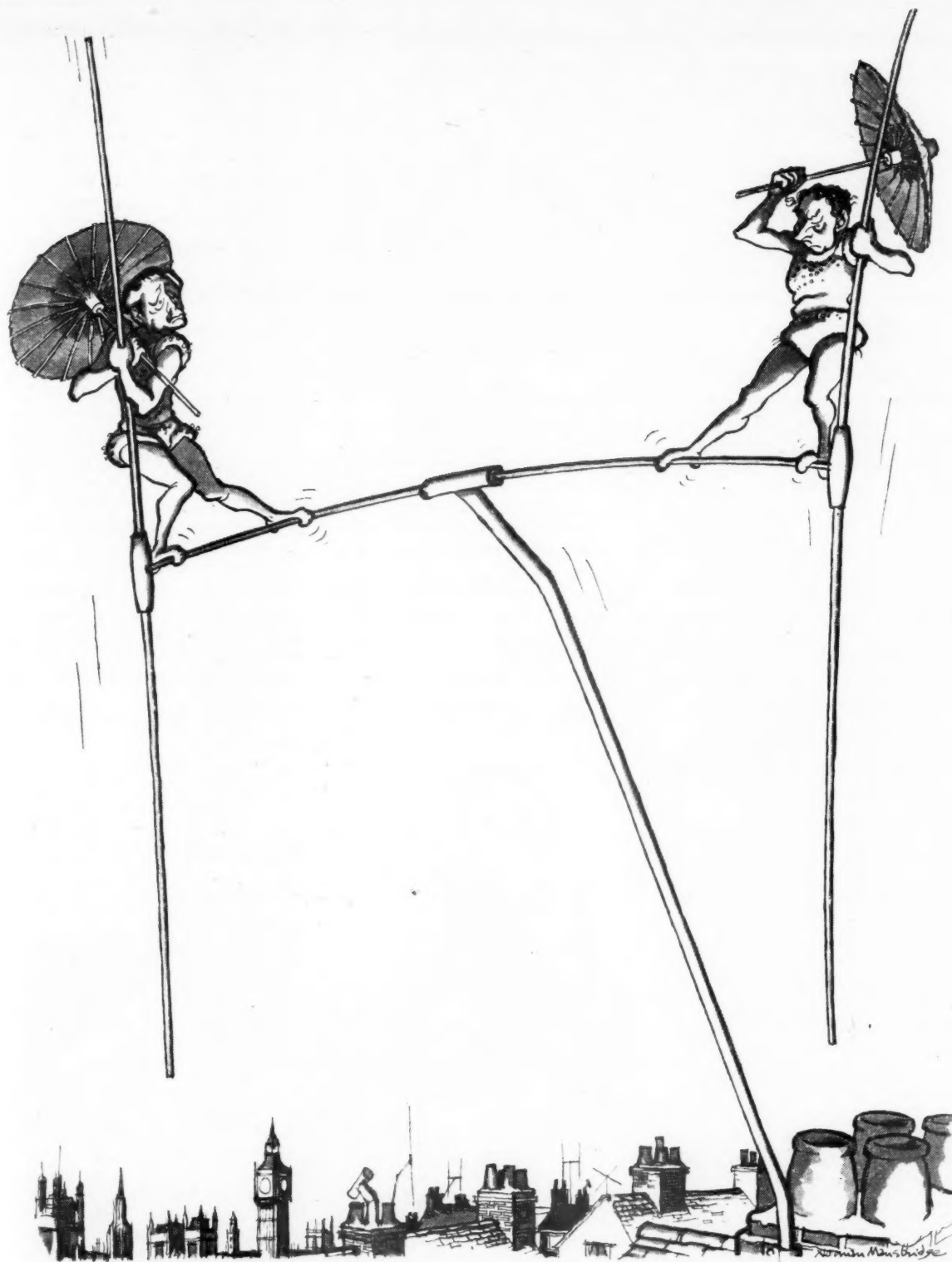
IT's a good many years since I projected a study of a popular book-title formula under the heading "The Something Story, Story." The formula is less popular now; perhaps publishers have at last become aware of what must surely seem to most people its main disadvantage, which I heard perfectly demonstrated in a bar the other night. One man was telling another at length about some extraordinarily interesting book. The listener was impressed, and after a pause said "What's the book called?" I waited, agog, fingering the Christmas book token in my pocket, and the reply came: "'The—this man's name—Story.' Can't remember the fella's name."

### SPORTING PRINTS

The eighth of Hewison's drawings of sporting personalities will appear next week. The subject is

JUDY GRINHAM





*Coming Shortly—The Great TV Tightrope Act*

# THE NEW BOOK OF SNOBS



In 1846-7 Thackeray wrote "The Snobs of England" in PUNCH, later reprinted as "The Book of Snobs." In this series snobbery is brought up to date, but the title decorations are from Thackeray's own drawings.

## J. B. PRIESTLEY on Literature



THIS article begins with a wonderful surprise. For once I am not about to announce that, evil entropy being at work, things are much worse than they used to be. In this business of literary snobbery we are actually better than we were.

There were more literary snobs twenty or thirty years ago than there are to-day. Educated young people now are far less snobbish about books and authors than their fathers and mothers were at the same age. There!

(And now all those people who write to tell me I grumble too much can make haste to congratulate me. If some small token is being considered, allow me to add that I genuinely prefer Jamaican to Havana cigars. But not too big, please!)

It seems to me—and I have been sharply interested in literary affairs now for about half a century—that literary snobbery in a big way arrived during the first world war. I don't remember much of it about when I joined the Army in 1914, but when I was demobilized, four and a half years later, literary snobs were fairly thick on the ground. They continued to multiply and to acquire more and more influence steadily during the first half of the 'twenties. By about 1925 the pattern was more or less fixed. It survived the second world war but began to fade ten years ago.

Paris is the capital of literary snobdom. This has nothing to do with the French nation, mostly wine-and-food snobs. It is Paris the international city that manufactures and exports literary snobbery. If you refuse to believe this,

then ask yourself what Gertrude Stein's reputation would have been if she had never left the place of her birth, Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Paris did the trick for her. And between the wars it was cheap and easy to slip over to Paris for a week or two, to have the battery of literary snobbery re-charged, very pleasantly, over pressed duck and *Haut Brion, poulet grandmère* and a good Meursault. What was Paul Valéry saying? Had anybody heard from Ezra Pound?

Notice that so far as there have been any new snob reputations since the war, they have almost all come to us from

Paris—Camus and Sartre and the Existentialists, the playwrights Beckett, Ionesco, Genet. Paris was at it again. True, the publishers and theatre managers there have never succeeded in building up the wonderful racket enjoyed by the art dealers. (I used to buy coloured lithographs by Vuillard and Bonnard for twenty-five shillings. The last time I asked the price of one here it was £75.) But I imagine that these publishers and theatre managers are not doing too badly, for although there may be fewer of them the literary snobs are still with us.

The basis of literary snobbery—or



"—and a get-well-soon card from the personnel officer, to be initialled and returned."

bookish one-up-manship as S. Potter and his Yeovil group probably like to call it—is the simple and natural desire to be thought very special, no ordinary block-head but a keenly intelligent and deeply sensitive type, standing out from the crowd. It was partly the tremendous increase in the reading public, during the 'twenties and 'thirties, that encouraged literary snobbery. One had to keep well away from this new mob, so very different from "the few capable of appreciating Stendhal, Flaubert and James." That is, as far as my memory serves me, a quotation from a contemporary master and high pundit of letters. And it is less a tribute to those three excellent novelists than it is the sound of literary snobbery quietly purring.

What stupid Uncle Fred and silly Aunt Kate can enjoy, the snob simply cannot bear. What is impossible for them to understand and admire is the snob's meat and drink in reading—at least, so he says. I add this touch of dubiety because it is my experience that many of the literary idols of the snob are more often praised or referred to than actually read. We have some modern masters, the wonder and glory of our age, that we never seem to catch anybody reading. And if they are poets, none of their admirers can ever quote them. In the days when I was an enthusiastic reader of contemporary poetry I could quote yards of it—and can remember some of it even now. Too often the snob cannot recall a single line. Odd, isn't it?

It follows that with the snob the grand old masters of literature are out, but definitely. There is no profit for him in announcing that he is devoted to Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare and Cervantes unless he can prove—and here he needs a full-time job at a university, doing just this—that what everybody enjoys in these masters actually shows them at their worst, and that what he enjoys has never been noticed in them before. But this is essentially a professional job, so that it is safe to say that for the amateur snob these old writers are out.

At special rates for subscribers I am prepared to furnish lists of "outs" and "ins" from all the major literatures. Meanwhile, here are a few rough notes to help the beginner, anxious to try a little snobbery. Although there are



"I think we've lost the car, Judith!"

exceptions (Henry James is one), okay snob authors as a rule have not written a great deal. Their names are not on long rows of volumes. None of your Balzacs, Dickenss, Tolstoys here. Fertility and copiousness are suspect to the snob, who likes his writers to produce very little and do it with the maximum of laborious effort. This is chiefly why Flaubert has been okay for so long. Snob critics of fiction make much more fuss about *Madame Bovary* than they do about *Anna Karenina*, its superior in every way (including subtlety), because Tolstoy wrote his novel while Flaubert agonized over his.

A sound snob delights in a writer who suddenly and rather mysteriously stops writing. Or at least stops publishing. There is wonderful snob value in that half-finished novel, those poems in

manuscript, that members of the inner circle have known about for years and years. There ought to be an ultra-okay author who has never published anything at all. I can imagine innumerable paragraphs about him and interviews with him. "No," Mr. Bloggs quietly replied, "I wouldn't dream of publishing anything. At one time I used to wait until I had completed a volume before burning it, but now every evening, when the sherry arrives, I destroy all that I have written during the day. I make," he added, with a smile, "quite a little ceremony of it."

Again, a good snob prefers his literature to be produced in rather peculiar circumstances. Take Rimbaud, a hundred-per-cent super-okay snob's writer. If Rimbaud had settled down in Paris to write steadily, pop in and out of





"Assuring you of our best attention at all times, I remain, etc., etc. . . ."

the salons, wangle prizes, his snob value would have vanished long ago. It is because he wrote only in his teens and then wandered off to end up in the Abyssinian gun-running and slave trades, that he has been super-okay for longer than I can remember.

But as long as I can remember, the snob has hated easy and cheerful reading, letting in the mob. Give him, if possible, a writer who has ceased to believe in anything and tells us so in a prose that is like a diet of broken glass. Of a certain foreign novelist, a great genius in the 'thirties and now forgotten, one of our snob reviewers cried in delight: "He spits in the face of the world." There is in fact a great deal of what might be called revenge literature in our time, revenge for not being admired by handsome women, for not being taken more notice of at parties, for living out of tins in a basement

instead of at the Ritz; and many snob critics and reviewers, disappointed men, respond to this revenge literature as they do to nothing else.

For years Virginia Woolf was the great favourite of English literary snobs. But then her novels began to sell and ordinary people were discovered enjoying them. The word went round. The temperature fell. "Poor Virginia!" the snobs hissed at one another. "Such a pity! So good at one time, but now of course . . ."

Some writers, not necessarily bad nor very good, seem to have had the snobs with them from the very first. They were snobs' pets from the day their first review copies were sent out. Other writers, of large and noble talent, never appear to have had the suffrages of the snobs at any time. One of these was H. M. Tomlinson, no novelist but the author of two travel books, *The Sea and*

*the Jungle* and *Tidemarks*, that are masterpieces of descriptive prose. Another, happily still with us, is the astonishing and wildly original John Cowper Powys, who, as far as I know, has never had any snob boosting.

But literary snobbery is going out and, after the imbecilities of so much criticism between the wars, we are nearly back to where we were before 1914. A great many of the young no longer read at all, but those who do read, I believe, are less likely to follow fancy snob fashions than their fathers and mothers were. They are beginning to do the only sensible thing—sampling and then judging for themselves.

Other writers in this series will be:

STEPHEN POTTER  
GEORGE SCHWARTZ  
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

# Change Here for Venus

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

MOSCOW Radio has announced that before many years have passed there will be established a staging-post, or station, on the Moon for rockets on their way through to Mars and Venus, and passengers will be able to travel, via the Moon, to the major planets without a change. I am sure that it is right. To begin with there will, I expect, be two stations on the Moon, one Russian and one American, like New Station and Snow Hill at Birmingham. Then after a time the Great Western and the London, Midland and Scottish—I mean to say, the Russians and the Americans—will amalgamate into one, and then, when a few more years have rolled and a few more solar systems have been penetrated, the Interplanetary Transport Commission will begin to complain that this little branch-line that only leads to the Moon and then on to Venus is really uneconomic and will have to be closed down. It is no good, they will say, raising fares, because everyone knows what the Other Side of the Moon looks like and anyway there are other forms of transport more modern and more economic than rockets. If you raise the fares people will just stop travelling by rocket, and that is all that there is to it.

Then, when the service begins to run down, we can well imagine what the journey will be like—the grimy bustle at the mid-Khrushchevian, old-fashioned, sordid station at Moscow—the dreary announcements through the loud-speaker. "The rocket now standing on No. 11 platform is the 10.49 for the Moon and all stations to Mars and Venus. Passengers for Jupiter will change at Mars." Then ten-forty-nine will come and nothing will happen. "Late again," will say the disgruntled passengers. "This rocket has been late in starting every day this week. It's perfectly disgraceful." "Do you know that the Moon rockets to-day are slower even than they were in the late 1960s? In the 1960s..." "And the food was better then."

Twenty-seven minutes behind schedule the rocket will at last take off and it will reach the Moon no less than thirty-two minutes behind schedule. Arrived at the Moon, the passengers will sit there waiting in their seats,

anxious to continue their journey. Twenty minutes will pass with no explanation of what is happening. Then fussy officials will start walking up and down the platform.

"All change, please, all change."

"We're going to Mars. This rocket is labelled Mars. Why should we have to change at the Moon?" will say one.

"Turning out into the cold at this God-forsaken wayside station. It's scandalous. I shall appeal to the United Planets," will say a second.

"If only they would tell us what is wrong. No consideration for the passengers whatsoever," will chime in a third.

"All change, please. All change."

"Look here," will say the leaders of the rebels. "Passengers have their rights. We positively decline to move. This rocket was advertised to take us to Mars, and here we sit until it does take us to Mars."

And then a senior inspector will be fetched—a little more explanatory and a little more apologetic.

"I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen,"

he will explain, "but I'm afraid that there has been a power-failure. This rocket cannot get on to Mars. We are returning it to Earth. There is another rocket starting in ten minutes time from the next platform which will take you through to Mars and Venus."

"It'll not take us. We're staying in this rocket."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but the only effect of that will be to hold up the whole service and make it quite impossible for any of the rockets to get through. I'm afraid that if you insist on remaining in your seats we shall have no alternative but to shunt you off into the Milky way."

Then doubtless with much grumbling the passengers will descend and transfer themselves and their luggage to the second rocket, and one will perhaps say to another "There was something to be said for the old days when people were content to stay put on the face of the Earth. At least you knew where you were then. As long as the vehicle was on Firm Earth I don't suppose that there was any way it could break down."



"The trouble with the School Dance, there's always a shortage of men."

# And Ne'er Made Sic Anither!

By ALEX ATKINSON

*An emotional outburst, in the friendliest possible manner, on the delicate subject of Robert Burns, born January 25, 1759*

MANy a time on Burns Night, when I am merry with drink<sup>1</sup> and the hoar-frost<sup>2</sup> glitters on the sill, I am moved to marvel at the power the Ayrshire poet has to stir, uplift and influence me, a Sassenach. For true it is that ever since I was a child<sup>3</sup> his mystic lines have haunted my daydreams, colouring the drab spaces of my imagination, and giving force and depth even to my most casual conversation.

I have frequently called out, for example, in the midst of some smart<sup>4</sup> cocktail-party, seeing a friend make off through the fug for the door,

"Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!"

<sup>1</sup> fou                      <sup>3</sup> wean  
<sup>2</sup> cranreuch          <sup>4</sup> brow

YOU NEVER SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME



I LOVE YOU

IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?



I LOVE YOU

and a hush has fallen over the scene of elegant debauch: English men and women all, they have paused in their sipping, arrested by the magic of a line which they have never fully understood, yet which has stayed in their unconscious minds since first they lisped its syllables from some forbidden book. (What it actually means is "Hey! Where are you off to? You're fairly stinking.")

Again, I have been pleased at times<sup>1</sup>, in some sleek<sup>2</sup> restaurant where ladies of fashion peck their way through bird or troutlet, to order a daimen-icker and watch the waiter search his memory. "And bring it in a thrave, if you please," I have requested.

*A daimen-icker in a thrave  
'S a sma request,*

or so one would think: but no waiter has yet succeeded in bringing me one, sizzling in its rich gravy, the silver-plated thrave swaddled in a costly napkin, with apple-pie and custard to follow. I see this icker (the *daimen-icker* is the large size, with the head left on the bone: it would be sufficient for two persons, and is rather ostentatious) as a kind of baby dragon, cooked slowly in whisky and browned under the grill just before serving.

When at last the penny drops for the waiter, and he makes the age-old response,

*"I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
And never miss't"*

(meaning exactly what it says), he smiles at me, as at an old friend. It is at such moments that we realize there is a little Scotch in all of us.

But it is to our romantic side that Burns' potent strains do chiefly speak.

<sup>1</sup> whyles                      <sup>2</sup> sleekit

YOU'RE HOPELESS. YOU'RE INCAPABLE OF RETURNING MY KIND OF LOVE



*My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee . . .*

Which one among<sup>1</sup> us can fail to respond to the poignancy of the picture here presented, of the simple ploughman kneeling down to shelter his beloved plaidie, while the airts move up angrily on every side? To the best of my knowledge I have yet to come across an airt, and I have but a muddy<sup>2</sup> notion of a plaidie; yet such lines as these beat in my head<sup>3</sup> like the wild notes of a rustic pipe, bringing strange scenes before my inward eye. They have a universal ring, and it is not hard to see how they have entranced even the inhabitants of the U.S.S.R., who are known to be pretty<sup>4</sup> choosy.

*Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd:  
May was deaf as Ailsa Craig . . .*

Here is this Duncan—I don't know how Khrushchev sees him, but I see him as a red-bearded, thickset youngster with his bonnet awry<sup>5</sup>, like a bear with a sore<sup>6</sup> head—here he is fleeching all over the flagstoned cottage in the most abandoned away, pausing now and then to pray, or knock his pipe out. And here is this poor May, as deaf as an onion, unable to tell for certain whether he is fleechin' or lowpin', and too proud<sup>7</sup> to tell him to go<sup>8</sup>. It is the sort of scene that might be enacted on any Saturday night, say around ten-thirty, from Culloden to Lima.

I should perhaps<sup>9</sup> admit here that Burns' lines have not stayed in my head in any kind of proper order. Few Englishmen would be bold enough to claim this, I think. There are odd, majestic snatches only, full of a wondrous

<sup>1</sup> amang                      <sup>4</sup> unco                      <sup>7</sup> skeigh  
<sup>2</sup> drumlie                  <sup>5</sup> a-gley                  <sup>8</sup> gang  
<sup>3</sup> pow                      <sup>6</sup> sair                      <sup>9</sup> aiblins



I LOVE YOU



meaning but dreamily mingled, forming at last a mosaic of images, wise saws and striking tableaux. Sometimes, feeling unusually blithe and gay<sup>1</sup>, I will carol out a stanza, letting it fall where it will

"And naething, now, to big a new ane—  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin.  
O wad ye tak a thought an' men',  
My bonie lady!  
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—  
The best-laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,  
I'm wae to think upo' you den:  
All mimsy were the borogroves  
O' foggage green!"

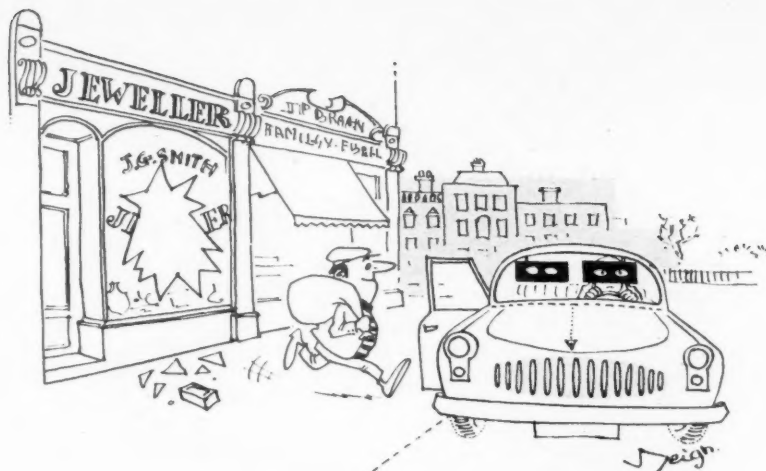
No man who has ever grat his een over a bony lady, stumbling through the foggage of Drumossie moor, could fail to be moved by this, I think, however vague may be his interpretation of any particular phrase in it: and this is the measure of the mysterious power of Burns—a power unequalled in the whole field of lyric poetry with the possible exception of a page or two of Ezra Pound. Lang then may his lum reek, is my humble wish. Lang may he continue to baffle me with phlu and lawpie, greeting his dil aboon and aside<sup>2</sup> to the delight of hup and magger. In fact, dear Bob, if I may thus address you,

... mishanter fa' me  
If thoughts o' thee, or yet thy mamie,  
Shall ever daunt me or aze me ...  
And so good night<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> crouse and canty    <sup>2</sup> abeigh  
<sup>3</sup> guid nicht

"Where was B.B.C. documentary writer Colin Morris when his award for the year's best scripts was announced by the Guild of TV Producers this week? ... His wife ... who collected the award for him, tells me: 'He was following a penniless disciple of Gandhi from village to village in India, collecting material for a possible film ... This man walks India persuading landlords to give land to peasants ... Colin was nearly moved to tears by this ... And he was nearly moved to tears by the Indian hotels, too ... He can't stand creepy-crawly things ...'—*Evening Standard*

How did he feel about missing that Guild of TV Producers' show?



## Unhand Me, False Villain!

BLOSSOM K. VANDERBLOOM, widow from Texas  
(Sum of her petal-weight two hundred pounds),  
Lights upon London, cute daughter beside her,  
Glory Gay Vanderbloom, doing the rounds.

Doors open smoothly to Oil's application,  
Gush greeting gushers that bubble way back,  
Blossom breathes deeply the incense of ushers,  
Glory Gay glitters with Ice on her Sack.

Then to their innocent idyll of roses  
Sneaks, in a Daimler, a sinister snake—  
The son of a Lord, yes, a Lord's only offspring—  
Glory Gay doodles a crest for her cake.

Blossom K. Vanderbloom dreams of her status  
Feudally changed when the old stiff-shirt drops—  
A real Lady's Momma and then a Lord's Grandma,  
And one in the eye for that family of Pop's.

Then an old school-friend comes whispering smugly  
An ugly and creeping, incredible, fact—  
This Lord is a phony, a Government Issue,  
Something brought in by a Life Peerage Act!

Straight via Boeing proud Blossom whisks Glory  
Way back to the State where a Star shines above  
A race of austere and republican daughters  
Who cry scorn on titles and marry for love.

— ARTHUR CADDICK

IF YOU DONT MEAN IT WHY  
BOTHER TO SAY IT!

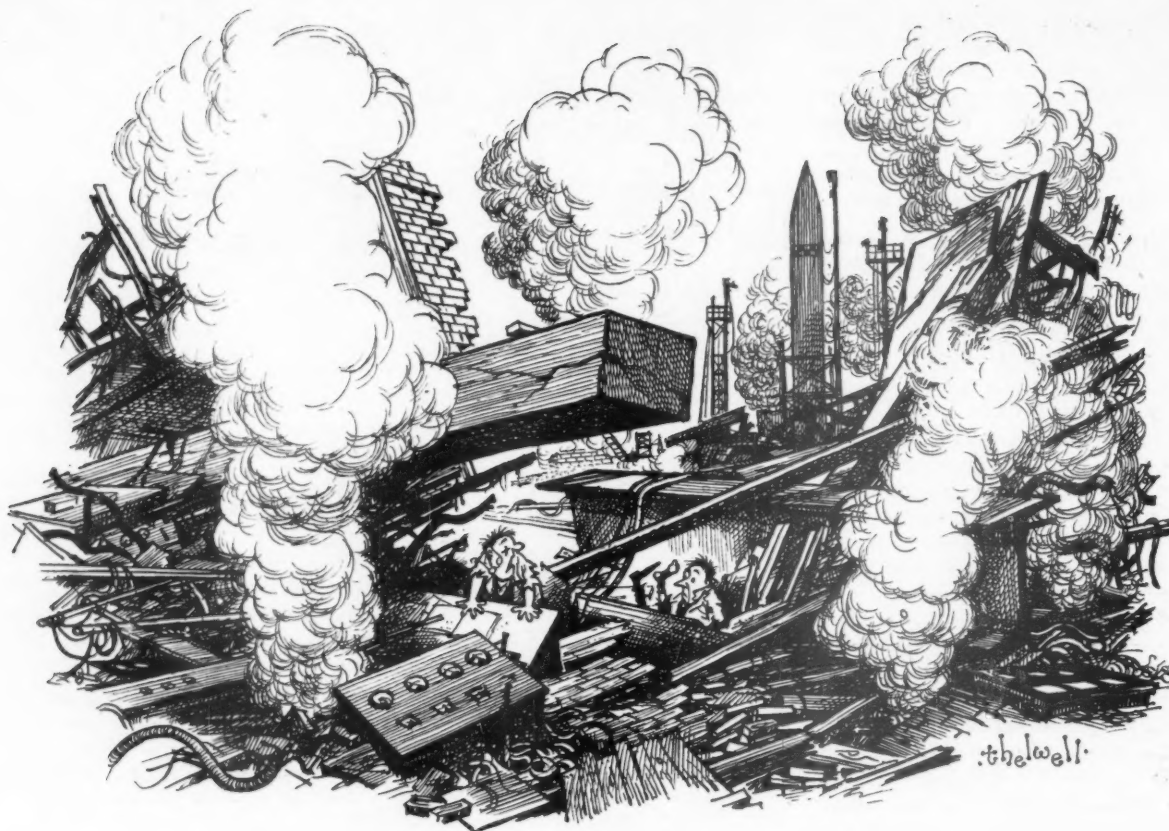


VERY WELL THEN — I  
DONT LOVE YOU!



DARLING





*"I think we've solved the problem of re-entry."*

## Holy Wilhelmina's Prayer

O Thou that by divine command  
Brought Israel to the Promised  
Land  
And plunged the heathen Pharaoh's  
band  
'Neath the Red Sea,  
Sustain us wi' Thy guiding hand  
And hear our plea.

Lord, Thou dost ken that last time we  
Nigh ruined the economy,  
But Hughie's crafty bonhomie  
Soon faded, Lord;  
We switched to grim austerity  
And a sharp sword

Lord, Wha did send Thy servant Cripps,  
And laid a live coal on his lips,  
Bidding him lash wi' fiscal whips  
All spivs and drones,  
Holders o' fat directorships,  
And break their bones;

In days o' wrath to come, chastise  
The hosts o' private enterprise  
Wi' fiercer scorpions o' Nye's;  
May swingeing blows  
Batter the rich and pulverize  
Our stiff-necked foes.

Root out the evil public schools,  
Anachronistic, stagnant pools  
That breed the idle, privileged fools,  
The hard-faced bankers,  
War-mongering crypto-Fascist tools  
And social cankers.

Inspire our hearts wi' righteous hate  
O' those wha do not love the State,  
Drive business-men to emigrate  
And fill wi' zeal  
Thy servants wha expropriate  
For the common weal.

Plant our feet firmly on the road  
Thy holy prophet Lenin showed,  
May a ferocious penal code  
Help us control  
Those on whom Satan has bestowed  
A rebel soul.

O Lord assist us as we wage  
War on the Tory lineage,  
Pour down the vials o' Thy rage  
Upon Macmillan,  
And scourge him from the public stage,  
For he's a villain.

Wipe out the sinful like a stain,  
End their long, vile, lascivious reign,  
Grant they may never rule again,  
O Lord, and then  
We'll raise to Thee a gladsome strain,  
Amen, Amen. — JOHN PRESS

## Cheese Substitutes

By H. F. ELLIS

"LOWER the chin a little," the photographer said.

I wanted this to be a good one. Not wildly hilarious, but not so grim and purposeful as they generally turn out. Ideally, I think, the expression should be that of a man who has just recalled some pleasant or amusing thought. There should be a hint of laughter about the corners of the eyes.

"Don't tuck it right in," the man said. "Up about an inch."

A good plan, to prevent *rigor* setting in too early, is to fix the mind on some faraway person or event and let memory and association lead where they will. The face, following the trend of thought, runs with luck through the whole gamut of expressions, and the photographer may take his pick. It does not greatly matter upon whom, or what, the mind fixes itself; what is important is that it should be unfixed from its immediate surroundings—the blinding lights, the photographer's patient air, the imminence of the irrecoverable moment. On this occasion my mind fixed itself on Mr. Mikoyan.

Of course one can see in a way why all these American business-men have been so easily bowled over. When a crafty old plotter like Mikoyan crawls out of the pit and starts making genial wisecracks about laxatives and freedom the effect is bound to be tremendous. There was his frankness, too—the ready confession that regrettable things had occurred in modern Russia, before the Government became strong enough to abjure unpleasantness. It is as if (I told myself, with a hint of a smile about the corners of the mouth that I hoped the photographer would have the sense to take advantage of) one of the Quatermass horrors were suddenly to make three consecutive jokes and follow them up with an admission that it used to reek of charnel houses but was all right now. When Khrushchev—

"Turn the head a little to the right," the photographer told me.

The damn fellow hadn't even started. When Khrushchev, I went on, sticking to it, follows Mikoyan across the Atlantic to consolidate the ground with a few crisp jokes about Hungary, the whole of America will no doubt go down like ninepins before his rollicking

joviality. Just roll over and put its paws in the air, the sentimental—

"Keep your hands down," the man said. "And try to relax. You're all screwed up."

If it's a Joke War the Russians are after now—

"But don't slump. Your chin's gone down again."

—it might be no laughing matter. Winning the Americans over with all this sickening wit, and leaving us out on a limb. That man Khrushchev will make a joke about anything. Look at all those bits from the proceedings of the Soviet Central Committee that Victor Zorza quoted in the *Guardian*. Jokes about maize, with laughter in brackets after them. The man is just a crazy buffoon, with two hundred million people under his thumb. The peasants call him "Kukuruznik"—

"Quite still, please!"

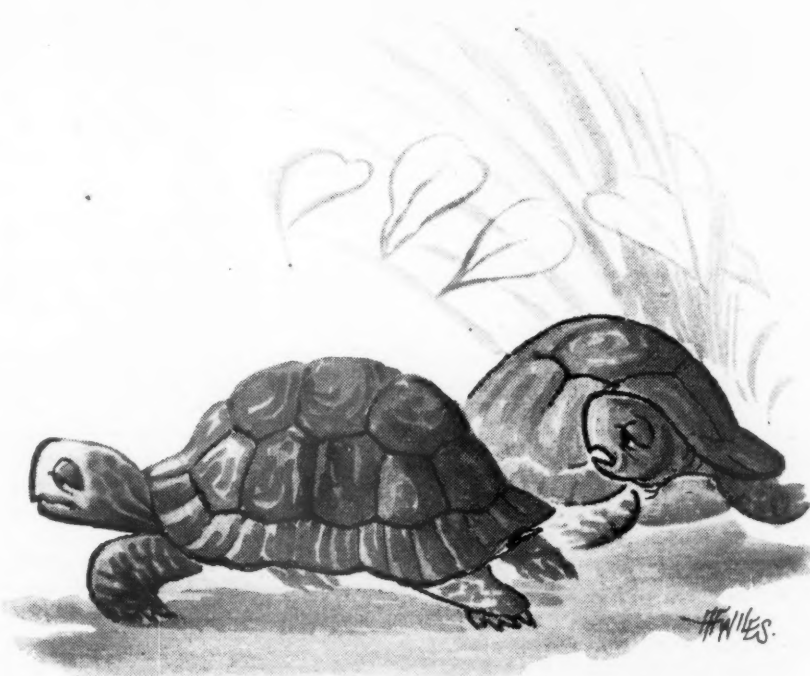
This is it. This is the time to concentrate on whatever it is the mind is fixed on. Then there's a chance the expression will be relaxed and natural. But with all these interruptions from the

photog—There! He's taken it, and much good it will do the pair of us.

However, he seems to be putting in another plate for a second go. "Kukuruznik" means "the maize-man" apparently, and just shows what his own subjects think of the fat old funster. "Mr. Corny" would be another way of translating it, but of course the Russians would miss the point. And there you are! That's the whole trouble. How on earth are we going to fight a Joke War against these people, when they all know it's far too risky to laugh except when Khrushchev is being funny? Kukuruznik indeed!

"One more, if you please. And try to keep the upper lip still."

Fool! He has no discretion in his shots. He times them ill. Where was I? Oh, yes. Imagine sending Mr. Nixon, or Rab Butler, if you like, on a wise-cracking tour across Siberia. I just can't see either of them setting a roomful of Vladivostok business-men on a roar. They'd have a better chance in China, where the people do at least have some sense of gaiety and fun. Or had.



"Where's the fire?"





*"Now this is something like a ship."*

Goodness knows there's a large enough audience over there, if one could get them to stand still and listen for a moment instead of scurrying to and fro with those endless baskets of earth. Some of them looked ripe for a joke, when I saw them on—

"Just a little less severe," did he say? Doesn't the man realize that by A.D. 2000 there will be sixteen hundred million Chinese, each of them with a blast-furnace in his back-garden? This is no time for mopping and mowing. Hasn't he seen "Panorama" and all those terrifying pictures of women putting lumps of coal into railway trucks? Upon my soul, if it weren't for the thought that in a country with such a frightening

birthrate a good many millions must be either under five or working as full-time midwives . . .

Still, this is the last chance for a good picture, and first things must come first. What about sending Dimpleby to China to make them laugh? Surely there's a thought there that ought to raise a hint of a smile about the corners of the eyes. I shall dwell on it. What Mr. Dimpleby ought to do is to get out and about among all those teeming millions, turning rotten eggs aside with humorous imperturbability and winning the inscrutable toilers over with witty observations on the British way of life. Then, if the Americans get too chummy with the Russians, we can re-align ourselves

with the Chinese and get all those baskets really moving.

Such was the thought I dwelt on as the photographer pressed his final button, and if Mr. Dimpleby wants the result for another frightening edition of "Panorama" he can have it. The other three prints belong, in all fairness, to laughter-loving Mr. Mikoyan.

#### *Which?*

We regret that in our last issue we gave the wrong name and address for the publishers of *Which?* These were changed some time ago to CONSUMERS' ASSOCIATION, 7 Great James Street, W.C.1.

*S. C. H. DAVIS, a veteran of many Rallies, isolates some of the ingredients of the seasonable*

## Monte Carlo Madness

**A**T this time of year the true enthusiast confirmed in faith has but one idea—the Monte Carlo Rally.

Now you may imagine that this continuous three-day run through the worst of winter from various winter-locked starting points to the sun of the Riviera is dangerous, grim, altogether too uncomfortable to be sensible. Maybe you're right. It *is* dangerous, it is very tiring, you may have to forgo both sleep and food, but that does not alter the fact that it is highly amusing when you think back along the years.

Perhaps the desire to gamble, normally latent, has something to do with it, seeing that you have to select your starting place—Oslo, Athens, Lisbon, Munich, Glasgow, Sicily, or from behind the Iron Curtain—months in advance, so must guess what the weather will be like when you start. Since the roads from Glasgow may be four feet deep in snow while those from Oslo are clear, since the Athens route might be money for old rope compared with that from Lisbon, you can see the difficulty.

Naturally, the equipment includes shovels and some form of unditching gear made up of a ratchet gear-lever, chains, and cables with ground anchors to suit. But even these can become possessed of evil spirits. For instance, one crew attached the chain to their ditched car, secured the cable to a likely-looking tree, and ratcheted the lever with verve, only to find that twenty minutes' hard work had moved the tree two feet nearer to the car.

Snow, though beautiful on Christmas cards, does not strike us as pleasant. One year we had reached the third day's run after fighting through snow almost all the way from Umea, away top of Sweden. The combination of night, fatigue, and the hypnotic effect of those little white snow dots, bright in the headlight's beams, produced odd effects, so I was not particularly perturbed by sighting a haystack walking down the centre of a famous French highway. Such things, thought I, are fantasy, similar to the more complicated dream.

And then we had a phenomenal avoidance which shook the sleepy crew to the core. It *was* a haystack. Some infernal farmer had chosen 2 a.m. of a winter night to transport a big, tough haystack on a mule cart. Trailing to the ground the hay covered the wheels, and being inflammable as a load, no tail light could be put near it.

The Danes, though you might not think it if you know their past history, do not like us to go through their country fast on ice. It was a worry, therefore, to remember we were to be escorted through Denmark to Germany in convoy, headed by police cars. Even optimists could not see how we could hold our thirty-five average in such circumstances.

Memory of that journey is an ever-present nightmare. Dazed by the discovery that our police escort was in a seven-litre supercharged Mercedes-Benz and wore cloth helmets and goggles, we were terrified by the speed they expected us to hold behind them. Never,

never, have I kept that pace in such circumstances; we slid far and wide, we were limp as wet rags at the German frontier, barely able to stammer thanks to our guardians.

Mind you, to appreciate the "Monte" to the full you must have a crew you know. Sign on the possessor of a nervous sniff, someone who starts every sentence with "Well," and all hell can be raised when fatigue pushes tempers just that little shade over the normal.

A navigator of mine arranged a clock, three stop-watches, an automatic average-speed indicator, and an alarm clock to his own satisfaction. The ticking from all these brought the rest of the crew to a fine frenzy in the small hours, their obvious joy when the overloaded speedometer drive-cable parted, putting much of the apparatus out of action, being the high spot of the trip.

Navigators, of course, are always in trouble. One, having no language but his own and no continental experience, spent hours scanning maps for the

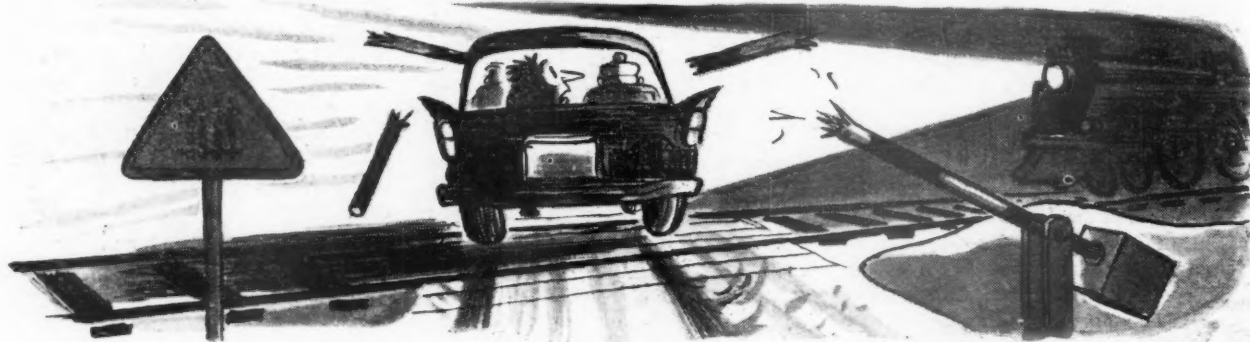


# ADVICE TO THE LUCKY WINNER

of a "Daily Mail" competition, who has earned the privilege of driving (with two experts) in the Monte Carlo Rally in the very car he has won.



Make it plain from the start that you are no competition driver —



— but going along purely in your private capacity —



— to keep an eye —

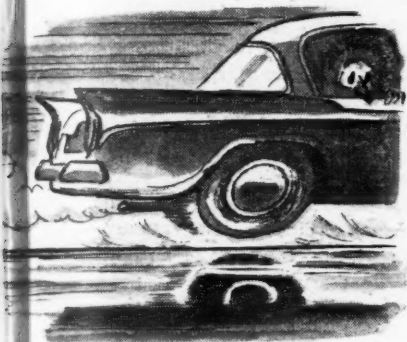


— on what (width) will be —





— or navigator —



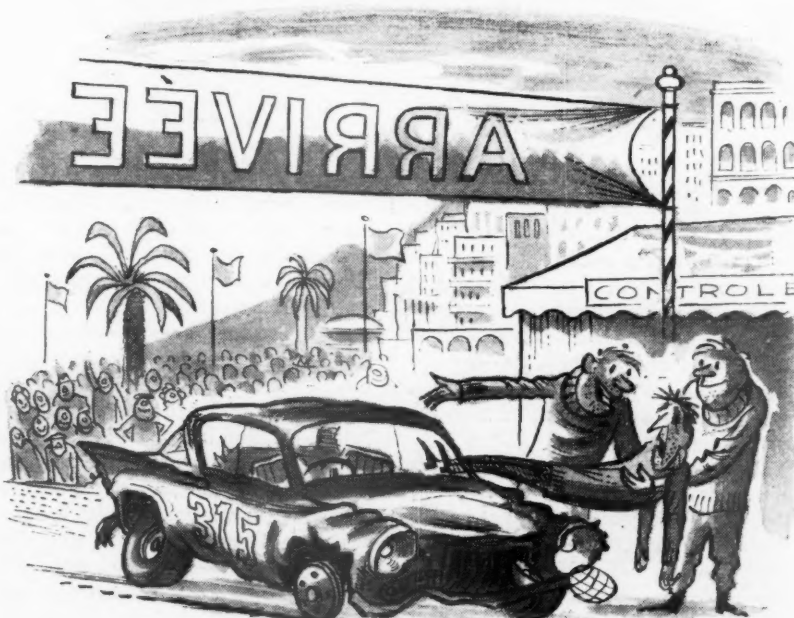
— as a supervisor of looms —



— in a textile factory —



(with) will be —



— all yours at the finish.



village of "Rallentir" because that name appeared time after time before a village bearing another name on the map. Another could not be persuaded that not even foreigners would construct a magnificent, broad, concrete road unless it led to somewhere important—an idea which took his car into the finest tram depot in Germany, and miles from the proper route at that.

More than half the fun arises from the mixture of nationalities. One delightfully lively Danish countess was accompanied by a large, solemn, Swedish girl. To check the time the countess was accustomed to lean over, pull at a chain round the Swede's neck and thus bring to the surface a watch. This she

would consult and then, still chatting heartily to all and sundry, lower into what used to be called the "bosom" of her friend without provoking more than a smile from the Swede.

And, not long after the last war, a very famous Monégasque racing driver provided sensation and excitement. He was driving with a British driver on a British car, and he prided himself on a command of our language. He arrived at the finish in a wild flurry which he proceeded to explain, making full use of mime. They had, said he, arrived to time by a miracle. At one point the spectators had forcibly opened a rail-crossing barrier that he might get through. Only by superb judgment had

he maintained speed through Cannes and Nice, only his phenomenal fitness could have stood the strain. All this puzzled his international audience of other competitors, for the set average for that section was sixty kilometres an hour.

And then it became apparent that he had gone by the English version of the regulations but had not noticed the speeds were given in French. So he had been trying to average sixty miles an hour.

Yes, it is all good, clean fun. At the dinner-dance given before the start from Umea one year, the male portion of a mixed crew were lightheartedly offered a kroner for the privilege of dancing with the highly ornamental feminine member of that same crew. Overhearing this, but not understanding the jest, certain foreign competitors then offered, in all solemnity, kroners for the same privilege.

The male section had collected enough for two bottles of good wine before their girl driver got to know what was happening . . .

Uninstructed spectators might be puzzled by the curious, long, sausage-shaped affairs on the floor of an hotel temporarily serving as a check point during the rally, particularly as these monstrosities seem a hindrance to the free passage of weirdly-garbed competitors sipping apéritifs while chatting together noisily.

But the kernel of each of these curiosities is a competitor fast asleep—taking advantage of every spare second for sleep being an absolute rule for most of us.

To us the run down to the, actual coast, somewhere near Nice, has a tonic effect altogether marvellous. There, at last, is the sun and the blue Mediterranean. There in the distance is the finish. Fatigue vanishes as by magic, the worries of the past long struggle fade, argument and recrimination cease, for you have got through.

There remains the shattering run up among the mountain snows to a tight schedule which decides who, of the hundred least-penalized competitors, will be the winner. But in that, as in all competition, luck may play a big part. It is enough to realize that you and your crew have come through all those weary miles from the frozen outlands to the sun.

# The Electronic Lawyer

By RUPERT TOWNSHEND-ROSE

THE electronic engineers are thinking of designing "a machine for giving legal advice." That is a formidable undertaking, if only because the "memory" element in an electronic device is extremely complicated and, by statute, legal memory goes back to July 6, 1189.

Apparently it is proposed to make a start with the Law Reports, of which there are several thousand volumes. Even with the use of transistors and printed circuits the machine is bound to be costly, and no individual lawyer could afford one. Ideally, there would be two master machines, one for the Bar and one for solicitors; but more probably there will at first be only one machine, provided by the State and known as SLAM—State Legal Aid Machine. Part—presumably the greater part—of the lawyer's training will consist of learning the code for use in dialling SLAM. Thus, with a vague idea about a case involving a snail in a ginger-beer bottle, one would dial (say) PAWDL PLEG DER.\* A recorded voice, robust but with a slight edge to it, would then say: "The case m'learned friend has in mind is *M'Alister (or Donaghue) (Pauper) v. Stevenson* (1932) A.C. 562: Liability of Manufacturer to ultimate Consumer."

Once the Law Reports have been dealt with it should not be difficult to mechanize the whole practice of the law. At this stage separate machines will be essential—the attornograph, as it were, and the advogram.

The attornograph will handle facts, making due allowance for the partiality, venality and general unreliability of witnesses. This machine will marshal the facts on a punched card under appropriate code numbers for "negligence," "tortious asportation," and so on. The card will be fed into the advogram and it is to be hoped that the resultant statement of the legal position will not be hedged about with too many reservations. A really well-programmed machine should produce succinct and helpful answers such as "you should get an acquittal, but *Regina v. Maywhort*

is against you," or "Settle for £480 if you can."

Popular prejudice is likely to oppose machine-made judgments. There is no reason, however, why the arguments in an action should not be put before the judge by advograms. A machine that can "speak" (not merely reproduce a record) has recently been developed, and should be readily adaptable for legal work. The same machine could appear for both plaintiff and defendant, but litigants are likely to have an irrational preference for their own (hired) machines. Again, it may well be that the delicate adjustments necessary for work in the Chancery Division would not be suited to the more rugged operations of Queen's Bench. The notional presence of "silk" would be shown by a supplementary fee meter.

\* \* \* \* \*

The State Legal Aid Machine is certain to have some initial set-backs, but with their usual unbounded confidence the engineers will not recognize them as "failures." If a statement by SLAM of the legal position has been shown by a unanimous decision of the House of Lords to be bad law, we may expect the Operational Head of the project to be interviewed on television. "This result," he will say, "cannot be described as a failure. It must not be forgotten that this is the first time in history that legal advice given by electronic means has been tested in the House of Lords. The initial phasing of the machine worked perfectly, and this is proved by the fact that the judgment in the county court fully supported what SLAM had predicted. Moreover, *obiter dicta* in the Court of Appeal are directly related to the line of reasoning the machine was putting forward. SLAM will be appearing in a number of appeals in the Lords in the new Term, and the random selector which has now been incorporated will give us a much greater chance of success. Meanwhile, the experience gained by SLAM in its first operational run will be of inestimable value, and we can justly claim 90 per cent success,

notwithstanding the adverse decision in the House of Lords. Indeed, many doubt whether that decision represents the true legal position."

The unbounded confidence of the engineers makes one pause to consider whether they realize just what they are taking on. Is it possible for any machine to make the subtle distinctions which the law draws? For example, two actions were recently brought against the British Transport Commission arising out of the same accident at a level crossing. In one case the Commission were held to have been negligent; in the other not. The Court of Appeal uttered a solemn warning to headstrong litigants: "Our decision to-day means that in the self-same accident the Commission are not liable. It is very unfortunate that in regard to two different plaintiffs there should be different results in the courts of law, but I would emphasize that the parties ought to have taken a different course. They ought all to have been plaintiffs in one action." With press-button litigation such anomalies will never occur.

☆

"However depressed and worried a Welsh miner becomes, laughter is never far below the surface . . ."—*Daily Express*

It must be sometimes, surely.



"Gee, sure is great being back in li'l ol' Moscow."

\* A well-known legal mnemonic and a famous case.



# Le Grand Chef

By ERIC KEOWN

**F**ERNANDEL is fifty, his real name Fernand Desiré Contandin.

He was born in Marseilles, where his father sang in cafés. Thirty-six trades had the honour of being rejected by him during his apprenticeship as a comic singer. At twenty he went to Paris to appear at a music-hall, and was discovered overnight. Now he is the idol of France, and his vast, friendly smile warms the armies of his fans throughout Europe and America . . .

Film studios have a pleasing air of surrealist conspiracy. In this one, where Fernandel was working, an armadillo wearing a top-hat would probably go unchallenged as a normal slice of life. Creeping tip-toe over tangled cables through a hospital so solid that we felt we should have brought flowers, we reached a private ward containing one bed and at least twenty people. The lights made a brilliant pool round a man in the bed with his leg in a plaster cast; he was being visited by a very small boy in a Davy Crockett hat, sucking a lolly, and by Fernandel himself. A Fernandel registering anxiety, for already in *Le Grand Chef* he had kidnapped the boy.

In the end the scene took thirty seconds to shoot, but it was attempted seventeen times before Henri Verneuil, the director, would pass it. Fernandel and Gino Cervi remained faultless, but the brat, a mere six, kept stumbling slightly over a word or gesture. Verneuil's patience was wholly admirable. He used every trick to comfort and boost. But more astonishing seemed the behaviour of Fernandel, the fabulous star whose precious time was being frittered away on the régime of a nursery. Each time the infant failed, his great face crinkled in sorrow and sympathy. He prodded him in the tummy, an affectionate uncle whispering private jokes, and in case the gaggle of technicians might lose heart he burst into snatches of therapeutic song. All this with the greatest spontaneity. No wonder he is adored.

At last it was over, and a rest called. He threw a dressing-gown over his suit, pushed his hat to the back of his head, and we retreated to some old boxes in a corner.

"Ah, le Poonch," he said, cordially. "*Journal comique*?"

"Don't you find this madly tiring?" I asked.

"You become permanently tired and don't notice. When eventually you get a rest you're tired no longer, and then suddenly you feel awful."

"How do you relax?"

"By going home to my house in Marseilles, to fish and eat bouillabaisse. I make it myself and it's good."

"Then I suppose you know the one thing that mustn't be missing from it?" I asked. This was intolerable, and from an Englishman, an ignorant stodger of suet pudding. Fernandel reeled as if I had hit him.

"What?" he gasped.

"Rascasse," I said.

It was a lucky card, picked up the hard way, and its effect was explosive. I was all but embraced. He beamed, as I believe no one else I have known can beam. We agreed that garlic was the common denominator of all truly enlightened men.

"What sort of film do you most like acting in?"

"One with sufficient depth for me to spread myself. And it must have pathos. I only do about five films in two years, that's enough, and I choose them very carefully, for if anything at all goes wrong it's always the fault of poor old Fernandel. The public used to like me in simple comic parts, as a clown, but taste developed with the war, and now they want fuller characters, with more humanity. I've grown up with the public. I'm a more serious artist."

"Ever acted for the stage?"

"Only once. With Sacha Guitry. One can't do both."

"Aren't you sick of publicity?"

His enormous brown eyes, of surpassing honesty, look right into you while he is talking. He thinks before he speaks, and then speech is reinforced by a running commentary of natural mime. He has beautiful hands.

"Yes and no. I hate blank faces with autograph books, but I love the feeling that mass audiences are getting pleasure from me. This sensation of a large, warm, friendly family is immensely

gratifying. Comedy is much better medicine than drugs, and I like to think I'm helping harassed people to get outside themselves."

"Are you happy about the future of the cinema?"

"How could I be? Modern economics are hitting it all the time. They've left no room for the little film. What's coming, in smaller numbers, is *le film mondial*, with three or four absolutely top stars popular in several countries whose personalities will guarantee wide circulation. TV is going to knock the cinema very hard—look at Rank's reductions."

"You don't like TV?"

A shrug of cosmic proportions.

"I don't act for it in France because if people can see you from their arm-chairs they won't pay to do it in a cinema. I don't like the effects of TV. It's beginning to cramp café-life already. Papa rushes home and has his dinner dumped on his lap, and he shovels it in like a bulldozer with his eyes glued to that little box." This he mimed marvellously. "I ask you, is that civilization?"

For a moment he drooped in sadness at the thought of this lamentable decay in the exquisite pattern of French life.

"Please tell me what you really think of the British. No punches pulled."

His face lit up with surprising enthusiasm.

"Formidable people. I was brought up to think them icebergs, crammed with inhibitions, but the first time I heard the applause at your Palladium in London I honestly thought I was back in Marseilles. Such warm hearts. It was terrific. We have you all wrong over here."

Then action stations were called again, and he went back cheerfully to make another tiny section of film that might easily take until evening.

He has the greatness of simplicity. Shrewd and highly intelligent, he leaves the impression of being fundamentally serious. His attitude to his job is that of a first-class craftsman. He knows he is good, but he is unselfishly delighted that he can make the world laugh.



# Toby Competitions

## No. 52—Muffled Report

BACK to school; possibly with a damaging report left behind at home for parents to brood over. Write a headmaster's "character" piece at the end of the report which while not concealing the subject's shortcomings, if any, tempers the wind tactfully.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value one of guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, January 30, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 52, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 49 (Beware of the Greeks)

Thank letters for unwanted Christmas presents, though strong numerically—there were more entries than for a long time—were weak in quality. There was a lot of rather heavy irony about unsuitability—athletic aids for the aged and so on—but not much barbed comment on the uses of the gift. Probably competitors were too near the end of their tether with genuine acknowledgments to have much inventive talent left for the bogus. The winner was:

W. M. MATHERS  
12 HUNTERS AVENUE  
BARNESLEY  
YORKS

with this letter:

DEAR JANE,—We do want to thank you so much for the lovely vase. It arrived a week before Christmas, but we know you don't like your presents opened until Christmas Day, and then, I'm ashamed to say, in the excitement I dropped it on the kitchen floor.

However, all is not lost. It was so lucky that only a few days before Christmas George got one of those wonderful "Glass and China" additions to our insurance for a few shillings. But you know what the insurance people are, so could you be an angel and let me have a line saying how much you paid for it? I would say five guineas. Wouldn't you?

Love,  
MADGE

Runners-up are the following:

DEAR MOONY,—Jolly D of you sending that dirty great bottle of *Fleurs de Romance*. It turned out darned useful actually. Dear old Fury got a whiff of it just as we set off with the South Staffs on Boxing Day and positively nystagged. Went like hell after that—in fact we took a toss and am now in Cottage Hospital. The nurses say this stuff is just the job for rubbing the old back with.

Chin, chin,  
PENELOPE PASTERNE

Miss Olive Norton, 1 Holly Lane, Four Oaks, Warwick

DEAR AUNT CLARA,—Thank you for your Christmas present, so unusual! John and I have never been given tickets for a pantomime before. As you remarked, our visits to the festivals at Beyreuth, Salzburg and Glasgow (I think you meant Edinburgh didn't you, dear?) should not blind our

appreciation of typically British institutions. Unfortunately John will be unable to go as he is giving a Bach recital on that date. Thanks again for reminding me that the dialogue will be in verse. I am interested to discover whether it bears the influence of T. S. Eliot; such a lot of verse seems to these days.

Love,  
EDNA

E. T. Crookes, 10 Moor End Road, Sheffield 10

DEAR AUNT MARIA,—Thank you so much for the magnificent six-foot toboggan. You are quite right; there is snow on the top of the Mountains of the Moon in the Belgian Congo, as you noticed in the ten-minute telly tour of Africa. (They are 1,500 miles away.)

We have not had any African "boys" since your present arrived as they thought it was a coffin, about which they are very superstitious.

Your affec. nephew,  
TOM

P.O. Box, 1, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. (No name supplied).

DEAR FRIEND,—I was completing the last chapter of my new book on Religion and the Quantum Theory, and soaking my tired feet in the mustard-and-water, when your Christmas present arrived, with your apt reference to Joseph's coat. How kind of you to remember your old minister and send a shirt of such unusual colours and cheering design, although I cannot help but feel that you deliberately sacrificed on a foolish old man a fine gift which would have delighted your son (does he still play the trumpet in the Skiffle-Stompers?).

McKenzie Ian Dow, 62 Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen, Scotland

## "At Any Time . . ."

TIME by quartz-crystal clocks is reckoned

In thousandths of a fleeting second;  
And every tiny temporal fraction  
Finds me imprisoned in an action.

Between the Future and the Past,  
Between the next tick and the last  
I am a captive held, for how  
Jump clear of that exiguous Now?

Within a space so cramped and small  
I cannot move my limbs at all;  
Nor mend my ways, nor change my tune,  
Hemmed in between the Late and Soon.

The hands of watches and of clocks  
Point to a moral paradox,  
For how on earth, or moon, or star  
Can things be other than they are?

Yet, though *Whatever is, is is*  
The tautest of tautologies  
The soaring Hope, the tall Ideal  
Are also present, also real.

— E. V. MILNER

## CHESTNUT GROVE

G. H. Jalland contributed a great number of hunting pictures around the turn of the century.



Young Lady (politely, to old Gentleman who is fiddling with gap). "I DON'T WISH TO HURRY YOU, SIR, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE QUITE FINISHED YOUR GAME OF SPILIKINS I SHOULD LIKE TO COME!"

February 22, 1896





### The Aluminium Battle

MEMORIES of the British Aluminium/Tube Investments battle will be recalled for many years as one of the bitterest actions of the company world. It had everything to commend it to a wide and fascinated public. The figures involved ran into tens of millions. The company primarily concerned is large and growing, with a glamorous Air Marshal at the controls. The dispute about its future split the ranks of the City into two decidedly unequal parts (the smaller of which won the day). The appearance of American interests, first on the fringes and then in the very heart of the battle, was calculated to evoke the xenophobic emotions which are never far from the surface. There was intervention by the highest in the City, none other than the Governor of the Bank, though it was of no avail.

There was also much to commend the affair to the ordinary and all too often neglected shareholder who has seen the price of his B.A. shares zooming from around 48s. to 84s. The shareholder has done well, in the short run at least, and in the end it was he who, by asserting his right to sell to the highest bidder, determined the issue of the battle. It might have been quite another issue if he had been treated somewhat more co-operatively by the British Aluminium Board.

Let us retrace the battle to its origin. British Aluminium is the sole producer of aluminium in this country and also an important fabricator. Since it is a large user of aluminium it was a company to be wooed by the important American producers who for some time past have not known where to sell the whole of their output. British Aluminium, on the other hand, also has ambitious plans for expanding its own production of aluminium. They are costly plans and to carry them out both the capital and the technical knowledge of a big American company were needed.

The B.A. board and their financial advisers thought this partnership could best be secured with Alcoa (the Aluminum Company of America), and an agreement was made to issue to that company  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million B.A. shares at 60s. each. This was made subject to Treasury sanction but not subject to that of the other shareholders, or even with their knowledge.

This was mistake number one, which from the start ensured that when battle

was joined with a counter bidder, Tube Investments in partnership with the American firm of Reynolds Metals, the B.A. Board could not count on a sympathetic body of shareholders.

The counter bid was made by a direct offer for B.A. shares on terms which made the proposed 60s. issue to Alcoa look unjustifiably generous to that company. It was also made through purchases in the market which at one time raised the price of B.A. shares to 85s. The Reynolds-T.I. deal was supported by three banking houses, Warburgs, Helbert Wagg, and Schröders. The B.A. Board, which resisted it and told its shareholders to have nothing to do with it, was supported by no fewer than fourteen banking and investment houses of the City, who themselves made a conditional and in the circumstances wholly inadequate offer for B.A. shares.

The attitude of the fourteen has since been defined by a letter to *The Times* from Mr. Olaf Hambro, who said "practically the whole of the representatives of the City were supporting the British Aluminium Company and its resistance to the American dominated take-over." In answer to which one must perforce ask why the City sold its B.A. shares so readily to the Reynolds-T.I. group?

In the end it was the fellow with the longest purse and the greatest readiness to open it who won. If this victory involves a marriage with American capital and enterprise no tears need be shed. Such a marriage was involved in either alternative. It may well be that partnership with Alcoa would in the end have redounded to the greater benefit of British Aluminium and its shareholders. That, however, was a case to be argued and proved. By taking action without consulting their shareholders in any way, the B.A. Board signed the instrument of surrender from the beginning of the battle.

— LOMBARD LANE



### Trees and Time

IN the newspapers centenaries come two a penny: Burns, Darwin, Elizabeth I, Puccini . . . In the country we go easy on this caper since there is a risk of that most scornful brush-off, "Book-larning!" A pity, perhaps, because an occasional centenary can throw a shaft of historical light on too-familiar things.

Take trees. Last year brought the bicentenary of the introduction of the Lombardy poplar—now among the commoner and more widely recognized of all trees in England. This year is the bicentenary of the Corsican pine, which a lot of people don't know from the so-called Scotch fir. But the Corsican pine is quite some species. The Forestry Commission plants about 5,000,000 a year and in a place like Thetford Forest you can see them growing by the square mile.

Several important trees had their first centenary a few years back—the many species introduced from the Far West. The collection of seed from redwoods and wellingtonias, for example, was linked with the opening of California and the gold rush of 'forty-nine. Hereabouts was adventure and derring do. There is an apocryphal story of the

great David Douglas shooting cones (required for seed) from a 200-foot-tall sugar pine while hostile Indians, lurking in the forest shadows, fingered their scalping knives. Douglas bagged his cones and then, more intently watched as a maniac, threw some effervescent salts in a cup of water. So! . . . the whiteman lunatic could make water boil by magic! And then the greater magic. He drank the boiling water without a wince. Douglas had saved his scalp. Douglas fir itself was introduced in 1827: the much-denounced, more spikey Sitka spruce in 1831.

There are unsuspected time oddities in older tree history. Elizabeth I is most unlikely ever to have seen a larch, a horse chestnut or a cedar of Lebanon—all probably introduced between 1610 and 1670. But if you go about England you'll find cedars boasted to have sheltered King John or, best of all, cedars mentioned in the Domesday Book—1086 in case you've forgotten. The numbers of yews and oaks reputed to be in the Domesday Book is quite fantastic. New guide books are still listing many of them. In fact, the Domesday Book mentions not one individual tree anywhere.

— J. D. U. WARD

FOR  
WOMEN

## Entrée, by All Means

WHEN are we going to see a little more healthy competition in the free sample market? Where is the spirit of adventure and the enterprise of British industry that in a whole week the only things to be pushed through my letter-box have been a packet of cheese, a tablet of soap, and a tin of foaming cleanser? And of that lot only the soap was full size. It's about time the men at the helm stopped wasting their millions on succulent advertisements and realized that in 1959 the way to the customer's heart is through her letter-box, unless it's a GIANT SUPER SIZE week, then they can try the door; no one will bite them, not even the dog, providing they've brought him a trial size of "CHOPPIES—the food for the DOG you really CARE about."

One of the sweetest phrases ever coined has been sorely neglected by the vast majority of Lids, Messrs, Cos, Bros, and Sons, etc., but they can't do a Canute much longer; eventually "With the compliments of . . ." will be as familiar as 4d. off the Monster size or two for 3d., and the letter-boxes of the country will be flapping madly eight hours a day.

Why should I believe that Mr. Slubber sells the tenderest chickens in town if all he does about it is to put on a mingy little advert at the local cinema, when a dainty wing popped through the letter-box would settle all my doubts?

It's the same with I.C.I. and the Steel Company of Wales. Every paper I open they're trying to make me shareholder

10,000,000,000,880 but do I ever get a stronger inducement than a fancy line of talk about dividends and output?

If they make all they claim surely they can rustle up something a bit more solid to convince me, even if it's only a packet of nails.

I'm all for the day when a chic little parcel waits outside my door saying on its chic little label: "Just open your swathed parcel with the sheath look

(don't waste this interchangeable-crease mock-wrapping—with a hint of mink and a little contrivance it could be this year's fashion must), and out comes your adaptable SWOOSH DRESS, made especially for YOU, in the colour that is this year's fashion darling—Apartheid Pink. For further supplies write to Dior, Paris, France, enclosing two labels off our PHEW! size or eighteen off any other size, with a slogan not more than three yards long saying why DIOR DRESSES YOU."

Naturally one would hardly expect the same approach from, say, the motor industry. Still, I think a six-months'-free-trial-no-obligation-to-buy system should cover their case rather well.

There are no limits to the exciting prospects before the company director not bound by the rigid confines of *status quo*, but there must be no monopoly of the field by any one company: we must keep the thing democratic. After a couple of months of a no-obligation-to-buy "Icy Finger Fridge" it would smack of corruption if I turned my back on "Crisp 'n' Cool—the Fridge with the Future" without even a demonstration, especially if Slash It, the Coast-to-Coast Grocer, was pooling in with a few perishable samples.

The main thing for the entrepreneurs of 1959 to keep in mind is that the good old proverb "What you haven't had you won't miss" is right on the ball. Let them engrave it on their hearts from January on.

— CATHERINE DRINKWATER

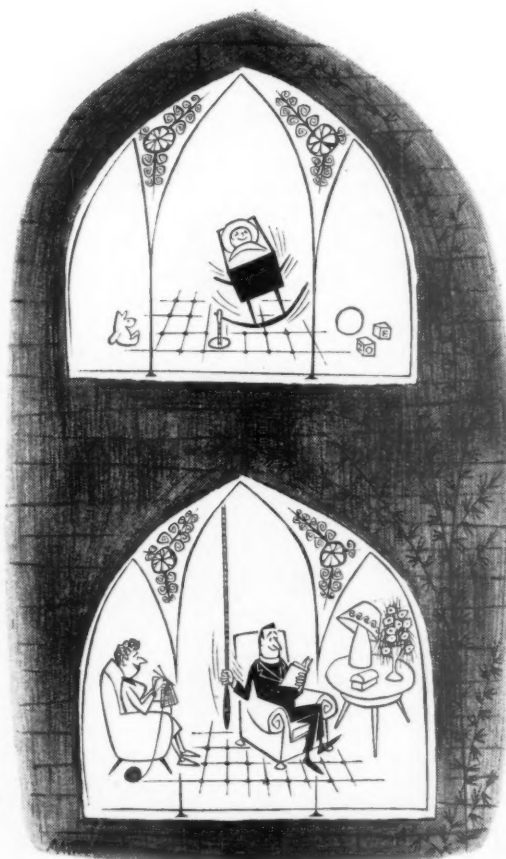
☆

"LOVER, LEAP NOT YET!

The most she can ask you for in 1959 is a Mink . . ."

Daily Telegraph advertisement

Stand back.



## The Upstairs

NO, nothing, dear. It's just that I heard a noise, but I think it's only The Upstairs coming in. Did I tell you we'd let the top floor for six months? My dear, we really couldn't *improve* on them. He's a chartered accountant, which is *frightfully* useful for income tax, and she used to teach domestic science, so there's never a speck on the stairs. The Upstairs aren't wildly gay, so we never feel depressed. The Upstairs have no children, so we don't have any noise; The Upstairs are always in, so there's someone to baby-sit. The Upstairs are terribly good at answering the 'phone and taking in registered letters at half-past seven. The Upstairs are always reading when they're home, so we never hear the wireless (and they don't believe in telly). The Upstairs pad around in carpet slippers, and talk in muted whispers, and never do any cooking that *faintly* smells. In fact we're beginning to think The Upstairs charming. And one of these days we must have The Upstairs down.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON



"Hawley's Thrift Shoppe brought a lot of them over here from Paris, too."

## 'Twas on a Monday Morning

THERE was once a time when Monday meant hurling everything into the copper, lighting the thing and going away. Then you either came back occasionally and prodded them with an elongated rolling-pin, or forgot and fought your way through the steam to mop up the streaming floor. Too simple really.

Then the washing machine burst upon us, complete with its Handy Instruction Manual. After intensive study of running-times and temperatures you start it and then discover that your new servant (or is it master?) has a delicate digestion. Splosh is too much for it and makes it froth madly all over the kitchen; on Sopo the water turns a sullen grey and it washes black, blacker, blackest; while new, green, scented Splish gives you new, green, scented shirts, tea-cloths, socks. Finally you get it happily swishing away with Fiz, then stop it and try to get the clothes out. They are indissolubly "knit together in one unholy fellowship." The wringer

gives a maniac screech, swallows the lot and spits buttons in your face. Exhausted you leave the thing to empty itself, then come back and mop up the floor.

Livid that the washing-machine people, not to mention the soap firms with their continual Valentines (worth 4d.), should have become Top Friend and Benefactor of Housewives, the clothing trade rushed into the fray. With diabolic cunning they produced their wonder fabrics to save us wash-day work and make it well-nigh impossible to use our machines. And we, suckers enough to believe that wash-day can be fun, have bought their non-iron, non-shrink, drip-dry, ever-stiff, perma-pleated, silicone-treated creations, each with its label telling us how.

Look at this pile of easy-to-laundry lovelies in the sink: one shirt—use hot water, rinse twice in hot and cold and leave to drip-dry on a coat-hanger (more mopping-up the floor); wonderthene twin-set—wash in hand-hot water in good soap flakes, do not squeeze, wring

or rub (anything in fact that will get it clean), rinse and dry flat; smoothenene skirt—wash gently in mild detergent; child's woolly, type A—swish gently in lukewarm soapsuds, rinse in several changes of water, the last containing vinegar; child's woolly, type B—wash in mixture of soap flakes and eucalyptus, do not rinse. Then there are all the shirts and pyjamas labelled "wash as wool" (which sort of wool?). All the other things we used to wash are now labelled "this garment must be dry-cleaned."

I've a good mind to fling the lot in the copper.

— ANNE HAWARD

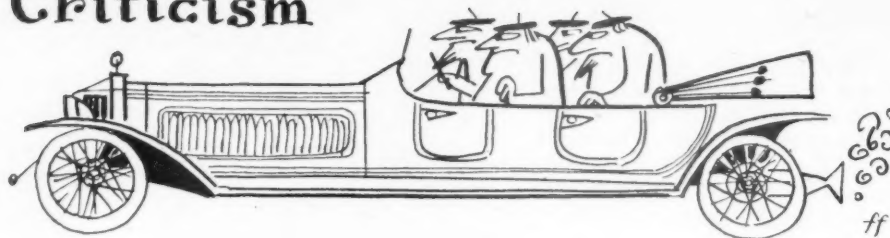
## Love's Armoury

THOUGH slim as an arrow  
A girl can wax  
In the course of time  
To a battle-axe.

— C. T. Y.



# Criticism



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Psychological Saucers

**Flying Saucers.** C. G. Jung. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 14/-

IN 1954 Dr. Jung gave an interview to a Swiss paper in which he expressed a certain scepticism about Flying Saucers, but declared his respect for the undoubted experts who believed in them. Four years later the press, as the press will, got hold of this interview and quoted it all over the world under the impression that it ranked Dr. Jung among the believers.

Now Dr. Jung's writing, though simple and direct enough of its kind, can indeed be hard for laymen to understand; but not so hard as that. He issued a statement to United Press explaining his real views. This time the press took no notice at all.

From these events sprang the train of thought which led to the present book. Why should it be that news favourable to Flying Saucers should always be well received, but anything opposed to them, although from equally quotable sources, unpopular? Why, in fact, should the public all over the world want so much to believe in something which scientific knowledge, more widely disseminated than ever before, must tell them was impossible?

This is obviously a psychologist's, not a scientist's, problem: and let me say right away that there is nothing in Dr. Jung's book to excite, unless to indignation, the credulous folk who like in their imaginations to soar with Mr. Adamski into deep space, or who sit eagerly in dusty halls while Mr. George King of the Spiritual Mission of the Flying Saucers plays them messages about Interplanetary Parliament coyly recorded on tape, in good English with a slight interplanetary accent, by the Master Ætherius. As a matter of fact the reality of the Saucers is not the consideration with which Dr. Jung is primarily concerned; he has himself observed cases where objects seen in clear

detail, sometimes by more than one person, could afterwards be proved to be non-existent. "Even people who are entirely *compos mentis* and in full possession of their senses can sometimes see things that do not exist."

The greater part of the book is taken up with the consideration of Ufos (Unidentified Flying Objects, for the benefit of the uninitiated) as manifested in dreams and in some modern surrealist

paintings. (*Aficionados* will recognize one of the dreams as an almost exact parallel to George Adamski's original encounter with the Venusian scout-ship, except that the scout-ship has turned into a fish.) In these, Dr. Jung finds that the Ufos settle down comfortably as archetypal symbols.

Actual Ufo reports by reliable witnesses are rather a different affair; as Dr. Jung says "One can hardly suppose that anything of such world-wide incidence . . . is purely fortuitous and of no importance whatever." Though he now thinks that "it hardly seems possible to doubt" that the phenomena are real, he is properly reticent about offering a solution. They may be a psychological projection, a "visual rumour," the result of the emotional tension set up by the world's chronic state of insecurity. If they are real, then either they possess properties—apparent weightlessness, for instance—whose investigation passes to the realm of the physicist; or they are something psychic but endowed with certain physical characteristics—a notion which, as Dr. Jung confesses, "surpasses our comprehension."

Tentatively he advances a third possibility, that the Ufos are real, material phenomena, presumably from outer space, which have always been visible to man but to which man has only lately begun to pay attention. He is not the first to advance this theory, but he is probably the first to relate it psychologically to the current situation in the world. The increase in their appearance since World War II at the time of the great emotional tension prevailing among mankind he ascribes to "meaningful coincidence" of the kind investigated by Dr. Rhine.

Those whose concern with Ufos stops short at the collection of innumerable sightings and speculations on the mechanics of anti-gravity may well find this book hard going, in spite of the lucidity of the writing (excellently translated by R. F. C. Hull). But it is a book that no one seriously interested in the subject can afford to ignore.

—B. A. YOUNG

## NOVEL FACES—LII



**SAMUEL BECKETT**  
Come, Murphy, Beckett, Watt, Molloy—  
reveal  
Which of you all is fictional, which real?

## NEW NOVELS

**The Silent Slain.** Chad Pilgrim. *Abelard-Schuman*, 12/6

It's been done more than once before: a killer loose on the campus of an American young ladies' college ("a deadly murderer who hasn't stopped yet. Two victims," says the redheaded, deliberately roughneck county chief, who reads detective-stories but thinks Poirot is an ex-boy-friend of the super-malicious Head of the Philosophy Department). The first victim, beautiful Regan Bogue, frightened of a pair of blue eyes which follow her about everywhere, is bashed to death and discovered in a frozen pond by the Physical Education class; one may not divulge the identity of the second (shot twice in the back), since his murder may well surprise those who might have assigned to the character concerned another, and more conventional, role. Apart from this, and its extremely attractive dust-jacket, the story—told in very short chapters interspersed with much enigmatic meditation by the various protagonists—is not particularly distinguished in either style or characterization; and readers should be warned that the solution involves not one but two killers: an unlikely quota to find in any ladies' college, even a transatlantic one.

**The Phantom Limb.** Hamilton Johnston. *Gollancz*, 15/-

Novels about the medical profession seldom fail to be best-sellers; and this author's *The Doctor's Signature* was apparently no exception: though its successor could not be farther removed from *The Citadel* at one end of the scale or Richard Gordon's "Doctor" series at the other. Dr. Bernard Cornwall is an average, hardworking, middle-aged, provincial G.P.—though at the age of thirty he had sacrificed dreams of future eminence in order to mend his marriage, at the expense of a love-affair which now pains him like the amputated limb of the title—and it is a measure of Dr. Johnston's literary skill that his protagonist retains the reader's sympathy and respect even when failing to recognize that his wife is insane, mistaking a dangerous psychotic for a tiresome malingeringer, drifting into a somnambulistic sexual relationship with a lady-novelist patient, or attempting to elope with the discontented young wife of his locum-tenens. The triumph of material squalor over nascent romanticism has rarely been better shown than in the scarifying search for a week-end cottage and the subsequent commercial-hotel sequence; while, despite the grim double tragedy resulting from his obsessions, Grundy, the ubiquitous madman, is a comic creation worthy of the early Evelyn Waugh at his best.

**Low Down.** Richard Jessup. *Secker and Warburg*, 10/6

In the specialized slang of the jazz-world he depicts, Mr. Jessup with his second novel has "cut a satisfactory



"I don't know how you can joke at a time like this."

master." Included in the publishers' series of knockout thrillers on the ground that the pervading atmosphere of trickery and chicane is the climate of genuine crime, it belongs in fact to the same genre as *Sweet Smell of Success* or *A Face in the Crowd*: an exposé of the ruthless stratagems by which a young pop-singer climbs to the top, only—in the true American moralistic manner—to fall to the depths. Walker Alise, despised and rejected by all the melody-men around the Brill Building on Broadway but inspired by the knowledge that a really hot crooner can make two to three million bucks gross, in eighteen months, unless he is held back by not having the initial twenty-five hundred required for his first recording, superimposes his own vocal refrain on a disc by a fashionable band. The rest is a matter of ballyhoo, faded jeans, T-shirts, dark glasses and party-throwing at the Plaza; in five weeks he has become a nation-wide celebrity, in seven years a "Living American Legend." A short, fast, savagely bitter book, which would be a screen natural with the Voice—perhaps even the Pelvis—taking the lead.

— J. MACLAREN-ROSS

**Naked to Mine Enemies.** Charles Ferguson. *Longmans*, 25/-

The historical value of this *Life of Wolsey* is vouched for by Dr. Rowse—a necessary credential, as at first sight the old-fashioned, wordy style does not inspire confidence. Closer acquaintance shows that Mr. Ferguson operates on two levels. Sometimes he is heavily

picturesque, rhetorical and verbose; but sometimes the gaudy bunches of words become sharp, witty, penetrating and fresh.

This is not exactly a popular summary of the existing literature of the subject nor is it a contribution addressed primarily to an expert audience, though, especially on Wolsey's character, Mr. Ferguson is startlingly original. It is certainly too long and it opens too slowly; but, odd though it is in some ways, it is a notable addition to historical biography in English. I found it absorbing. Mr. Ferguson has not looked closely enough at the fifteenth century to avoid occasional over-emphasis on the novelty of Wolsey's views. He draws no comparisons with Chichele or, for that matter, with More, and he makes the whole development of English Equity sound like one man's work.

— R. G. G. P.

**Breakfast at Tiffany's.** Truman Capote. *Hamilton*, 12/6

A guitar spangled with glass diamonds, a room half-filled with a left-over Christmas tree, "its balloons shrivelled as an old cow's dugs," a fruit-cake made to a deep old Southern recipe, heavy with whisky: these are some of the symbolical properties of Truman Capote's newest collection of tales, one long and three short. The title-piece, an uneasy blend of tough and tender, evokes the legend of Holly Golightly, married at fourteen to a Texan farmer, an escaped starlet at twenty, hitting New York high-spots, last heard of sitting to a negro sculptor in a hut in Africa. Meant to be the "most amazing person," Holly, like Otilie in

another tale, fails to convince. Fair frail ones, however up-to-date or exotic, don't seem to be this writer's forte. They come to pieces in his hands. In fact his narrative deftness, his gift for readability, seem hard put to it for material here. Even so, these fictions may be the thing for surfeit, and are certainly more rewarding than his recent gaudy essays in reportage. And after all, there's a time for tinsel . . . — D. P.

**Steps.** Robert Graves. Cassell, 30/-

Mr. Graves has gathered together, mainly from American journals, another companionable assembly of his own stories, talks, essays, poems and studies, the title forming the initials of these words. It is an imposing display of all the talents—a sort of five-ring literary circus—with Mr. Graves undoubted ring-master of them all. Here is a book that by its size and entertainment value should be a fortification against influenza, long journeys, or even the Christmas season itself.

There was a story—a legend perhaps—that the author led his company in the first world war playing cup-and-ball. He leads us now into every kind of dispute and combative speculation, from mythology and moon-goddesses to murder by mushroom. It is all very stimulating, in spite of a suspicion that our erudite and valiant leader still plays cup-and-ball and must not always be taken too

seriously. As a story-teller Mr. Graves remains superb. The four short tales from Majorca have the Mediterranean sunshine in them. — R. A. G.

**The Sinking of the Bismarck.** Will Berthold. Longmans, 16/-

Much of this book is concerned with the morale of the crew of the *Bismarck*—at its height after the sinking of the *Hood* and at its nadir after a torpedo from a Swordfish had hit its steering gear and jammed the rudder. From that time onwards, there was no doubt about it, the *Bismarck* was doomed and it was solely a question of the manner and time of destruction. It was not until after the war that the British Navy was disillusioned over the sinking. Torpedoes from the *Dorsetshire* struck four minutes before the *Bismarck* sank by the hand of her own crew. The British had no means of knowing that at that time they had no torpedoes capable of piercing the new chrome metal armour-plating. The continuity of the book is effectively maintained by frequent switches from one aspect to another without the use of separate chapters. — A. V.

**Cricket in the Grass.** K. de B. Codrington. Faber, 21/-

In these pleasing selections from his memories of an Edwardian childhood Professor Codrington rediscovers with great understanding the mental processes

of a small, rather lonely, boy to whom the adult world was still a mystery. He spent his holidays with an aunt in Devon, where his constant companion was another solitary, a girl of his own age. Together they made friends with the vicar and the fishermen and Shakespeare, and conspired to outwit the standing question "What will Colonel Hewitt say?" Once they went to London for two wild days (as innocently ecstatic as *The Young Visitors*) with Margaret's flashy father.

In contrast to the minor adventures of the fishing port he stayed for a whole summer holiday in a big country house, and was astonished by the poise of its children. This picture of self-contained simplicity on the grand scale is charming. Finally Professor Codrington takes us to his public school, and there again he looks back with sympathy and without bias. — E. O. D. K.

**The Three Graces.** Serge Lifar. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Cassell 21/-

This rather loosely constructed study of Pavlova, Karsavina and Spessivtzeva contains too many long quotations from other interpreters of the history of ballet and too many corrections of detail in utterly unimportant anecdotes; but, all the same, here is one of the major figures in ballet discussing his predecessors, his aims and his idols. The set pieces about the book's heroines in specific roles are vivid and historically important. Lifar is anxious to defend himself from the common accusation that he and Diaghilev exalted the male dancer at the expense of the ballerina; he did no more than help in converting him from a support into a partner.

The ballet-antiquarian will be eager to collate each pro-Lifar fact, of which there are many, with evidence from other sources. The ordinary ballet-lover will skip everything except the descriptions of actual dancing. The reader whose comic sense is rather unkind will be glad that ballet reminiscences have a dimension of absurdity even beyond other theatrical reminiscences. — R. G. G. P.

## AT THE PLAY

*The Rose Tattoo* (New)

ANYONE who found the film of *The Rose Tattoo*, as I did, an uncomfortably greasy exercise in earthy sex, may be relieved to hear that the play, which has been slightly chiselled by the Lord Chamberlain, is less insistently animal. It is still immensely sentimental, its sentiment to some extent congealed under the veneer of toughness engendered by Sicily and truck-driving on the highways of America. That one can observe the ironies of Tennessee Williams' central character without being repelled is largely due to the power and delicacy of an Italian actress, Lea Padovani.

Sicilians all, settled on the American



*Scraphina delle Rose*—LEA PADOVANI

*Alvaro Mangiacavallo*—SAM WANAMAKER



Gulf Coast, the heroine and her husband have been mighty lovers until he is shot while carrying dope under a load of bananas. For three years she shuts herself at home, worshipping his ashes, mourning crazily not so much the man as what he meant to her in pleasure. That he had a mistress is known to everyone but her. Although obsessed by sex, she is a good Roman Catholic and a traditional Sicilian; she locks away her daughter's clothes as a safeguard against men, and when the child escapes and

#### REP SELECTION

Guildford Rep, *Any Other Business*, until January 24th.  
 Salisbury Playhouse, *The Entertainer*, until January 24th.  
 Ipswich Theatre, *The Bride and the Bachelor*, until January 31st.  
 Bromley Rep, *You Too Can Have a Body*, until January 31st.

brings back her decent young sailor he is forced to kneel and swear to respect her innocence before the Virgin. It seemed to me there were a good many genuine laughs in the wrong places from the first-night audience, and not altogether surprisingly.

As at last she is discovering about the mistress, a second truck driver walks in, remarkably like the first except for an improbable habit of bursting into tears. The scenes between them during his extraordinary wooing, which in the film were so appallingly sentimental, are in Sam Wanamaker's production refined into comedy, and much more acceptable. Mr. Wanamaker, who could have a ticket for the Teamsters' Union to-morrow, clowns his part delightfully and for once in a way a stage American hobo has something to say. He melts the tortured widow, who settles happily into his arms once she has thrown her husband's ashes at the wall, and her daughter, after a terribly sticky passage with the amorous sailor, goes off to the altar.

Mr. Wanamaker's production is a little too keen on atmospherics. He is saddled with a running frieze of very incidental characters parading in front of the set, and including a goat, a daft witch, temperamental neighbours and a gaggle of bad-mannered but absurdly clean children; but he loads the already incandescent air with cock's crowing, lorries grinding, ethereal voices and, creeping in oddly, *musique concrète*. And of course all the Sicilians shout like mad.

The play moves too slowly, and could be usefully cut. As in most of Mr. Williams' work it is often on the verge of parodying its own solemnities. And yet the character of the woman and her wild changes of mood are made gripping by Miss Padovani, whose skill lulls one's doubts whether anyone of her intelligence could have behaved as she does. With



(The Big Country

James McKay (amid surroundings)—GREGORY PECK

a naturally blowzy actress one might believe; but with such an actress lacking an astringent sense of comedy *The Rose Tattoo* would be an intolerably mushy play.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)  
*Five Finger Exercise* (Comedy—23/7/58), exceptional first play. *West Side Story* (Her Majesty's—24/12/58) American gang-war musical of extraordinary vitality. *The Long and the Short and the Tall* (Royal Court—14/1/59), interesting war play.

—ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*The Big Country*  
*The Young Have No Time*

AFTER reading the synopsis of *The Big Country* (Director: William Wyler) I was all ready to be bored by a story built up—and to enormous length (two hours and three-quarters)—of characters and situations that we have seen before in dozens, probably scores of other films, from the "epic" of this kind down to the ordinary Western. But when it came, even while recognizing with irritation certain best-sellerish qualities in the narrative, I found the picture remarkably interesting, impressive, and entertaining.

The most irritating of these qualities is basic: the old trouble with the plot structure of all kinds of popular fiction for many years. This is that the spring of most of the action, the main device that keeps the story moving at all, is

nearly always determined misunderstanding and needless ignorance on one side, or wilful and apparently quite senseless refusal to explain on the other. Another annoyance—to get the objections over first—is that in a number of duologues the pace is wearisomely slow, each speaker's answer to the other being delayed for seconds on end while we have time to imagine three or four different ways in which it may be put.

But the character playing is good, the differences of tone and detail very much freshen the familiar situations, and visually the piece is quite magnificent. Technicolor and Technirama are used (by Franz F. Planer) to beautiful effect, most often on a large scale in tremendous vistas and impressive landscapes, but also a good deal in pictures more concentrated, interiors or closer shots in the open. The colour is not bright or brilliant but subdued, subtle, delicate, atmospheric...

Unlike the story, which as I have suggested is in outline simple and obvious—and, in parts, familiar—enough. The hero is a former sea-captain (Gregory Peck) who goes West to marry the daughter of a ranch-owner. Because he has the sense not to be provoked into an angry fight by every affront, he is supposed by all, except the local school-mistress (Jean Simmons), to be weak and cowardly. He shows the audience that he is nothing of the kind, while insisting that other people in the story shall not hear of the evidence; and this, as I say, is one thing that keeps it going. There is a bitter feud between his prospective father-in-law (Charles Bickford) and another rancher (Burl Ives), and here again he makes himself unpopular by

pointing out the absurdity of it and refusing to take the family side on principle. The freshness given to conventional incidents by this enlightened behaviour so rare in a Western hero, and the character playing of Mr. Ives and others, and above all its visual excellence, make the picture worth seeing—when you have nearly three hours to spare.

Such reviews as there have been of the Danish *The Young Have No Time* (Director: Johannes Allen)—several critics have ignored it altogether—are mostly coloured by a certain middle-aged resentment at the fact that the “poor old parents are blamed for everything as usual,” but it seems to me unfair to let this affect one’s appreciation. The story is about young people, for some of whose faults the parents are to a certain extent responsible; even if it were saying—as it isn’t—that the responsibility in such cases is *always* with the parents, that would still not detract from the very considerable merits of the film.

The main figures are boys and girls in their teens, and the central thread is the simple love-story of Helle (Ghita Norby), who is something of a misfit in the circle of her promiscuous friends, and Benny (Frits Helmuth), a passionately enthusiastic young trumpet-player. Most of their troubles are caused by her jealous friends—whose malice and wild behaviour are undoubtedly made worse by parental neglect. All the young people as well as their elders are admirably played, and there are many splendidly-directed “mood” scenes on every scale (the wild party, the jazz club, the country walk where the boy plays his trumpet, the uneasy talks with parents). At one or two points the film is unusually frank about sexual matters, but they are not dwelt on or gloated over. I enjoyed it, and I think it’s good.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Auntie Mame* is no real film, but a string of revue sketches, in which Rosalind Russell plays not a character but a formula “scatty aunt” pumping out comic remarks—many of them not up to much—bearing on the subject of the episode. The “sentimental touches” are particularly unfortunate. I think the best light fare in London is *The Captain’s Table* (14/1/59). The French trifle *Parisienne* (7/1/59) offers quite a bit of good fun. My first recommendations to most people wanting something more satisfying would still be *Wild Strawberries* (5/11/58) and the same director’s *Summer with Monika* (24/12/58).

Nothing very great among the releases, which include the entertaining *I Was Monty’s Double* (29/10/58), a determinedly gay story about Cambridge called *Bachelor of Hearts* (31/12/58), and *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* (“Survey,” 14/1/59). — RICHARD MALLETT



WALLY PATCH

#### ON THE AIR

##### A Shot at W. W. Jacobs

I SUPPOSE the idea of presenting W. W. Jacobs’ stories on television is as acceptable as most similar enterprises. A few moments’ thought will show that this is faint praise, for such adventures in adaptation invariably run into difficulties, and there appears to be no way of resolving them. If Jacobs, for instance, had intended these dockside frolics to be shown on television he would have arranged them in a dramatic form and taken more pains with his dialogue. But he didn’t intend this. He worked in the days when people were pleased to sit by the fireside with a book, and conjure up pictures for themselves through their imagination, their accumulated experience, and their sensitivity to the evocative power of words. There are still people who do this (I could name six), and if any of them care to take down Jacobs’ volumes and immerse themselves once again in his tight little world of gas jets, fainting sweethearts and comic bosuns, I’m sure they will find more pleasure than I, for one, found in the first halting episode in “The Night-watchman’s Stories” (BBC—Midland). It is conceivable that Lionel Brown’s adaptation looked absolutely splendid on paper. But what a thin, half-hearted, makeshift charade it turned out to be in performance! Richard Bebb, for all his whiskers, gave me no feeling of “period,” and seemed embarrassed. Hermione Baddeley and Richard Goolden were permitted—perhaps encouraged?—to lark

about outrageously, like fugitives from a revue sketch of the nineteen-thirties. Wally Patch alone, and presumably at short notice, managed to look his part convincingly, but threw in his few lines without much life. Nobody seemed to have any clear idea about whether to play it straight, to burlesque it, or to get it over with and mercifully forget it.

There is, in fact, room for improvement in the other four stories in the series. The question then remains, is it worth it? There are writers alive to-day, more or less steeped in the techniques of television—Lionel Brown himself, for example—who could surely turn out more acceptable material for the little screen than this. The world is waiting.

“Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?” (BBC) is becoming a bore. It trundles along in its cosy groove, smugly getting nowhere. The session from the Musée de l’Homme, broadcast at great expense from Paris, was rendered more tiresome than usual by the baffling smallness of the objects. However, it seems that the objects are now but insignificant props in this erudite pantomime: the main drama springs from the endless, polite bickering that goes on between Glyn Daniel and the panel on the vital subject of how many points have been scored. This of course is breathlessly exciting, and the incomprehensible jokes about archaeological or paleontological “shop” add a mysterious spice to the proceedings. Let us drop the objects altogether, I say, and concentrate on all that laughable chat about Sir Mortimer Wheeler’s grandmother. That would be *ever* so nice.

I do not “Dig This!” (BBC), the latest entry in the Big Beat Stakes for colts and fillies, maidens at starting, because I am old, and cantankerously immovable in my preference for traditional jazz. This show seems at least as noisy as “Oh Boy!” and might just get home by a crew-cut. I notice that already the producers are finding it necessary to pep up all those groaning saxes (tuned slightly flat) by having their players go through simple dance routines while performing. It breaks the drugging monotony. But how calm and civilized by comparison are the boys of Chris Barber’s group as they casually set about their chamber music! (Screams from outraged cats on postcards only, please.)

I enjoyed a wonderfully quiet film by Stanley Williamson called “The Water of Irwell” (BBC). This was photographed by Gerry Pullen and edited by Donald James, and showed the course of the river through all its changing scenes. It was unpretentious, and it had what may be called a gimmick: there was no commentary, and no “background music” beyond those snatches of melody which occurred naturally on the way, such as the songs of children. I felt I needed a word now and then, to give me my bearings. Otherwise this struck me as a delightfully fresh approach.

— HENRY TURTON

# A Turn-up for the Book

By SIMON RAVEN

## Derby Day Hazards at Sea

I GOT myself made Entertainments Officer on board Her Majesty's Troopship *Gladstone* in order to avoid P.T. In theory the Entertainments Officer merely ran a few dismal evening amusements like Housey-Housey, and did so strictly in addition to normal duties—which, in any troopship, comprise almost perpetual P.T. for anyone under eighty. However, since Entertainments did involve handling nugatory sums of ready money, and since these days the mere mention of hard cash in military circles makes everyone go cold with apprehension, it was eventually and semi-officially acknowledged that I was not to be disturbed in my calculations. Thus I was enabled to spend many peaceful hours alone with my assistant Sergeant Smooth, sitting in the second-class bar with an empty cash box in front of me, while shouts of "Up, up, *up*, up, up" were born through the window on a refreshing Mediterranean breeze. It was on just such a pleasing morning that Sergeant Smooth suggested the Derby Book.

"It's a week away, the Derby, sir. Ship's wireless is getting in lists of runners and current odds. The Entertainments Staff can do the touting. Plan it right and we're rich."

"We shall have to be discreet," I said. "There is an illiberal rule about no activities on board being run for private profit. And we shall have to get the book properly balanced. I've got fifty quid in cash and traveller's cheques which we can use as capital. But that's the limit. We shall look silly if we can't pay out."

"Bless your heart," said Smooth insolently: "anyone who can't balance an ante-post book needs his head looking into."

And so, with fifty pounds in hand and Smooth's vaunted know-how, we started our Derby Book. For some days everything went beautifully. Every morning we received from the ship's wireless office a list of the runners still in the race, with the odds that had been offered in London the previous day. Smooth then typed out three further

lists, in all of which the odds were substantially reduced. Then our agents went forth: a sporting corporal covered the troop-deck, Smooth took the second-class passengers (sergeants and married families) and the ship's company, and I made the best of a genteel clientèle in the first-class lounge. I laid some substantial bets for the men, but their wives grudged anything other than small silver. The smallest bet in the whole ship, in fact, was a sixpence with which Mrs. Grover Willingham (*en route* to join Brigadier G.W. in Nairobi) insisted on backing an outsider with the same name as her dog.

"Fifty to one for you, Mrs. Grover Willingham," I said sycophantically. "But don't forget—this is an ante-post price. No money refunded if your horse doesn't run."

She turned her boot-face full on me.

"I know the rules, thank you very much," she said, and went back to sucking her lime juice.

So I gave her a slip and added her sixpence to the loot.

On the morning of the day before the race business was brisk. I was concerned, however, at the constant stream of money for the favourite.

"Don't you worry, sir," said Smooth. "Five to one that favourite in London yesterday, and all we're giving is three."

And indeed when we finally closed the book at six o'clock that evening the position was reassuring. If the favourite won we should lose about twenty pounds. If the second favourite won we should break even. But in any other case we should be money up—and in some cases a great deal of money up.

But the next morning Smooth appeared before me not only hung-over but patently guilty.

"Little party with the sergeants last night," he

explained: "and there's another thing."

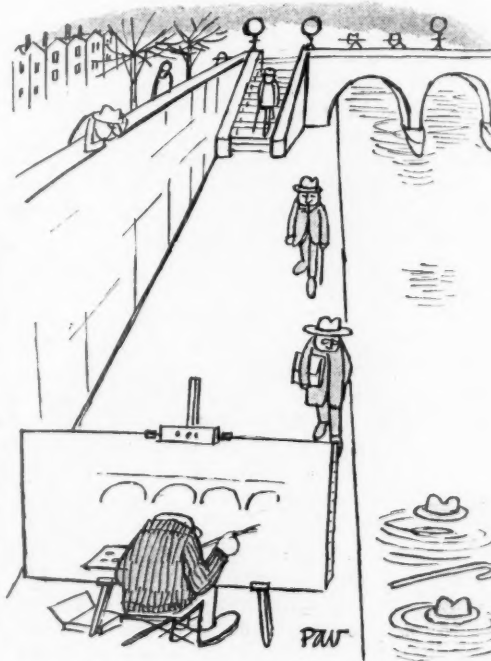
"Oh?"

"At about midnight I was well away, see? And suddenly I got to thinking we'd acted a bit shifty about those prices. There were my mates so cheery and chummy, and all the time I'd been giving them dud prices. I came all over guilty. And before I could stop myself I was on my feet offering a special last-minute bargain by way of clearing my conscience. 'Eight to one, this favourite,' I said: 'eleventh hour offer—come and get it.' And they did."

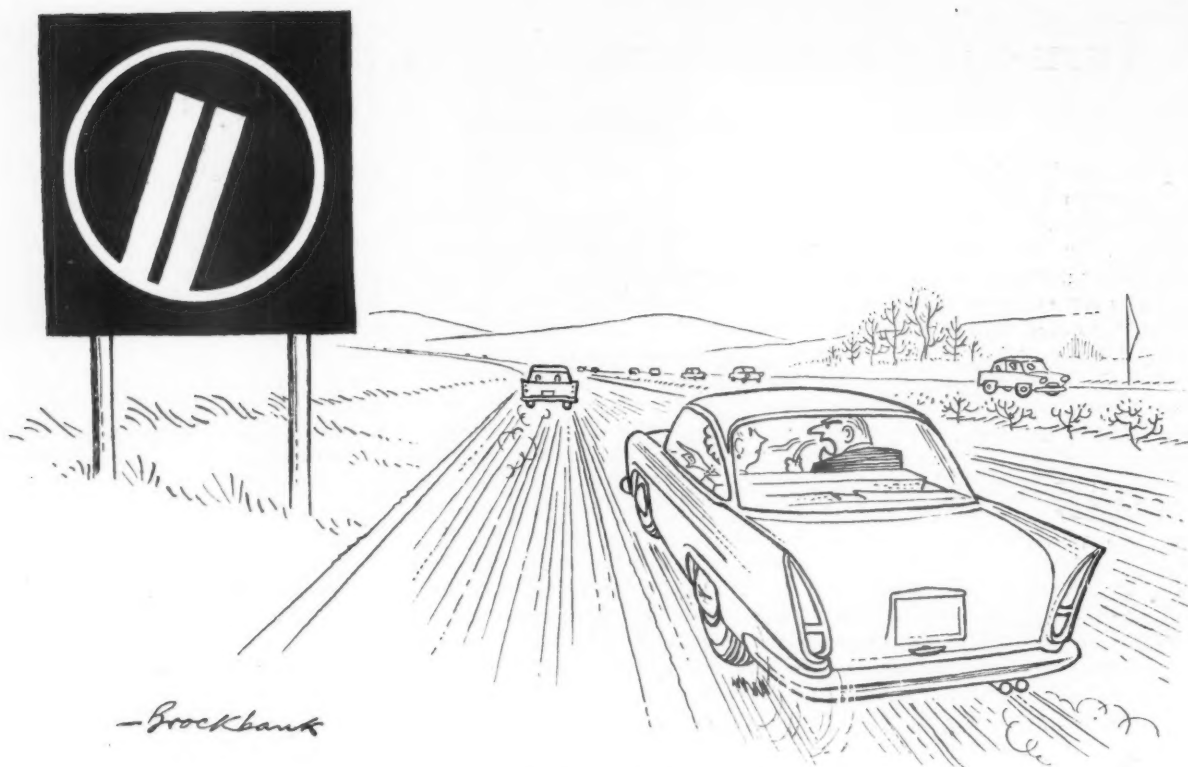
"But you couldn't get eight to one from any bookmaker in the world."

"I know, sir. And so did they. It was like a revolution. Women screaming, strong men fainting, stokers and cabin boys butting and cursing—and all to get at me. The sum of it was, I took nearly a hundred quid."

"Which means," I said, after a little arithmetic, "that if the favourite goes down we shall make a small fortune. But if the favourite comes up we shall have to find about £500 in cash for the







*"And that indicates the Motorway runs out after eight miles."*

benefit of screaming women and cursing stokers who are, no doubt, too simple-minded to appreciate the cheque system. So if you don't want to be thrown overboard, Sergeant Smooth, you had better go away and pray."

And so perhaps he did. For this was 1954; and with eyes gleaming with relief and greed, Smooth and I heard of the victory of the outsider, Never Say Die, at a price of thirty-three to one. Hardly anyone on the ship had backed it; our profit was close on £300; it was a real coup.

Or so I thought until I saw Mrs. Grover Willingham. Boot-face held high, she came towards me like a steam-hammer.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," she said, "to get my sixpence back. That horse I put it on, Mummy's Darling, didn't run to-day. Or hadn't you remembered?"

"Certainly I remembered," I said; "but you accepted an ante-post price, which means that the stake is forfeit if the horse doesn't run. I did warn you at the time."

"I know what's right, young man. If my horse didn't run I couldn't win, and therefore it's unfair I should lose. Now give me back my sixpence."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but the rules of wagering are absolutely plain. You've lost your sixpence, Mrs. Grover Willingham."

"So," she said, breathing hard. "My husband isn't here and you conspire to cheat a lonely woman. We'll see about *that*," she said, seizing her bucket bag of pulp romances and hurtling from the room.

And within fifteen minutes I was summoned by the Colonel.

"For God's sake," the Colonel said, "give the old bag her sixpence back. And another thing. Mrs. Grover Willingham says you've been taking money all over the ship. You know as well as I do that you can't run this sort of thing for private profit. Every penny you've made will have to be handed over to the Captain for the ship's funds. Now go and get it."

I sought out Smooth to collect his share of the profit.

"Something terrible's happened," I said, and explained the Colonel's directions about our profit.

"Not to worry, sir," said Smooth smugly.

"Not to worry?"

"No, sir. Bless your heart, I knew some of those old cows were bound to make trouble if they lost as much as twopence, however fair and square. Women always do. So I took the precaution of going to the Captain. We'd been running a little book on the Derby, I said, in the hope of raising something for ship's funds—on account of we were enjoying our voyage on his lovely ship so much. We'd done quite nicely, I said, and here, with gratitude, was our winnings as a humble contribution to the welfare of H.M.T. Gladstone. The Captain, sir, is a charming man, who tells me he's never been on a race-course in his life. He was touched and grateful, he said, and so he'd tell the Colonel. And then, to keep everything straight and above-board, he gave me this."

"This" was a receipt for £5 17s. 6d.

## The Course of True Love

"I THOUGHT of getting married within a week or two," remarked Lulu. "I've seen some white material I rather like—just the thing for a wedding-dress."

"Me?" asked Henry hopefully.

"No, I thought p'r'aps Achille. He's been feeling rather low lately and it would cheer him up."

"It would cheer me up."

"Yes, but you're so well-balanced you'd be all right anyway. Poor Achille though—such a neurotic—he needs a wife."

"And you're in your martyr mood?"

"Oh, it's not that—well only a little bit, maybe. But I want to feel I'm useful to somebody. I should like to have somebody who depended on me and didn't think I was just a kind of toy."

"But such a pretty one."

"That makes it worse. Much worse. I don't want to be a lily. I want to be something nourishing like a cabbage."

"Quite impossible."

"To you. But not to Achille. So may I marry him?"

"I can't stop you if you're really set on it," said Henry crossly. "Though I think you're foolish."

When Lulu had gone he took a list out of his desk-drawer which he had compiled some months before, soon after he got to know Lulu. It read: Drowning, Poison, Gas, Shooting, Jumping and Thr. Cutting. This seemed to complete the list of deaths available to a man of small income. Remembering Newman's definition of a gentleman he at once crossed out Jumping and Thr. Cutting—they were altogether too messy. Drowning seemed an unpleasant idea—the Thames these days was really little more than an open sewer. Gas was a good idea, except that his own cooker ran on electricity and it would be an abuse of hospitality to die in somebody else's flat. Shooting oneself was unimaginably difficult—like pulling a sticky plaster off. Which left poison. A dignified and aristocratic way to die provided one mugged up

By MONICA FURLONG

on one's chemistry first. But what a lot there would be to see to. A will to draw up, leaving what little he had between Lulu and his mother. Notes to write. Plans to make so that the person to find him should not be the thrombotic caretaker. He had not been so busy and happy for weeks. It would be a great comfort to have the whole Lulu debacle satisfactorily behind him. With every passing day the idea seemed more attractive to him—the absence of bother, the release from all social tensions, the freedom from worry about where to go ski-ing. Why on earth didn't more people think of it? Simply because they were far too busy chasing, and failing to catch up with, their heart's desire. He chafed at the slowness of the legal transactions like a man with a train to catch. He had the fatal phial secured in his waistcoat pocket and fiddled with it constantly like a child with a new fountain-pen.

When the day came he put on a crisp

white shirt and his smartest suit and settled down cheerfully in his armchair. He lifted his glass and drank the potion with a relaxed and rhythmic movement of his gullet. Almost at once the door-bell rang. Swearing gently to himself, "Really, one never gets a minute's peace these days," he padded to the door. It was Lulu, looking her most ravishing and bearing a large and stinking cheese as a peace-offering.

"I say, darling, would you mind putting it in the kitchen? I'm not feeling quite the thing at the moment."

"No, I must say you don't look it." She turned him towards the light. "Goodness, you do look pale. Take some Alka-Seltzer or something."

"It's all right. Come and sit down. It seems ages since I've seen you."

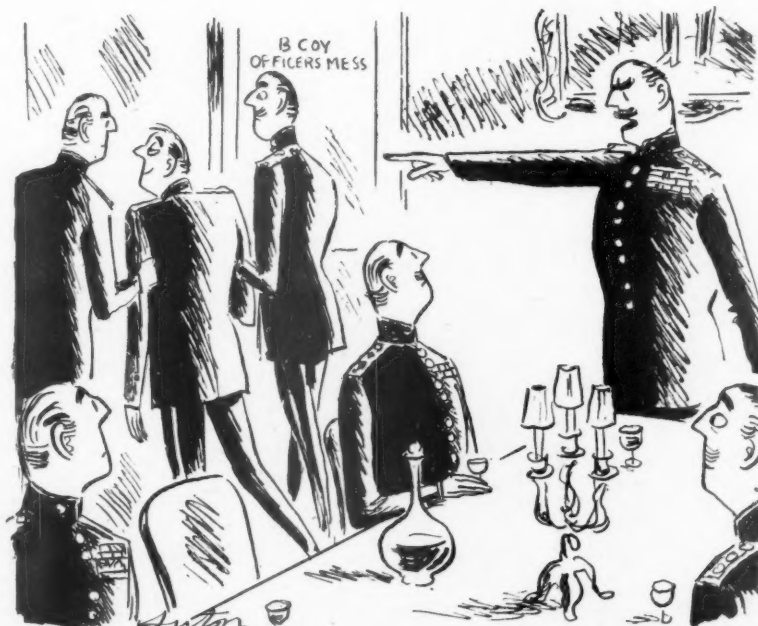
"Well, it is rather. It must be three weeks. I didn't like to come after the Achille business."

"I suppose you are married by now?"

"Actually not. It's really too funny, though it serves me right. Achille jilted me."

"No!"

"Yes, indeed. His mother, if you please, disapproved of me, and that was enough for Achille. Goodness knows, if I was a mother I should disapprove of myself, but considering the mess Achille's mother made of the job you'd



"It's not that he passed the port the wrong way—he didn't pass it at all."

think she'd have more charity. So there seemed no good reason that you and I should not go on being friends. And here I am."

"Damn," said Henry.

"Please don't you be nasty to me too. My self-esteem's feeling a bit bruised as it is."

"It's not that. It's just that there seemed no point in continuing with life if you married someone else so I decided to take poison."

"What a lovely romantic thing to do. At least," she corrected herself, "looked at one way it is. Looked at another, it's silly and morbid and sinful. Still, luckily you're far too well-balanced to do anything so lunatic."

"But I *have* done it."

"Very funny. Thank God you're not Achille or I'd know you really had."

"I really have. Look—there's the bottle on the rug. There's a note addressed to you on the table. You admitted yourself that I looked unwell when you arrived. I drank the stuff a few minutes before you came."

She stared at him with round blue eyes and he saw the panic begin to stir in their cool depths.

"Oh, my God! Henry, what have you done? Look, can you telephone? Get a doctor while I'm gone. I won't be a second." She snatched up the empty bottle and dashed out.

She was back in five minutes, dishevelled and panting, with the antidote in her hand.

"To think," she said as she watched him take it, "that I called you well-balanced. Achille's a paragon compared to you. It was the purest chance that I arrived when I did and Achille never commits suicide without a stomach-pump and his mama standing by. Really, it was an appalling thing to do."

"Please don't, Lulu."

"All right. Though I expect the doctor will be cross when he comes. Perhaps you'll get arrested for it. Recommended psychiatric treatment and all that. They'll be rummaging through your past for weeks."

The doctor was Scotch and condemning and Calvinistic, and went off promising future consequences, legal as well as chemical. The danger had been enormously modified by Lulu's swift administration of the appropriate antidote. She was, he said, remarkably level-headed. Had she ever been a Girl Guide? Lulu said not, though she had once been a Sunday School teacher. Not, of course, that that had called for a knowledge of poisons. Luckily, though, she'd read a fascinating piece in *Reader's Digest* while waiting for a face-pack to dry.

"Do Calvinists regard suicide as a sin?" she asked when the doctor had done. "If you're pre-destined I can't see why hurrying things up a bit should matter."

"I don't know," said Henry, too weary for theology.

"Henry, did you hear him say how sensible I was, and how silly you were. I know, of course, that really it's the other way round, but it's nice, isn't it, just for once, that someone should get it wrong."

"Nicer for you than for me."

"I suppose so. But Henry, now that I know you're not really so terribly balanced, and now that—goodness—I've practically saved your life, I feel somehow that p'raps I could marry you. Henry . . .?"

"Lulu?"

"Do you think your mother will like me?"

"I dare say. But does it matter?"

"Darling Henry!"

THE END

☆

#### Some Shame

"British disc-buyers listened straight-faced recently while six-year-old Master Bryan Taylor admitted it took 'a lot of nerve' to tell school-chums he was 'Britain's newest recording star.'"—*Daily Mail*

#### LOOKING AHEAD

"We're Strangers Here Ourselves"

A novelette of the future, by

CLAUD COCKBURN

starts next week



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